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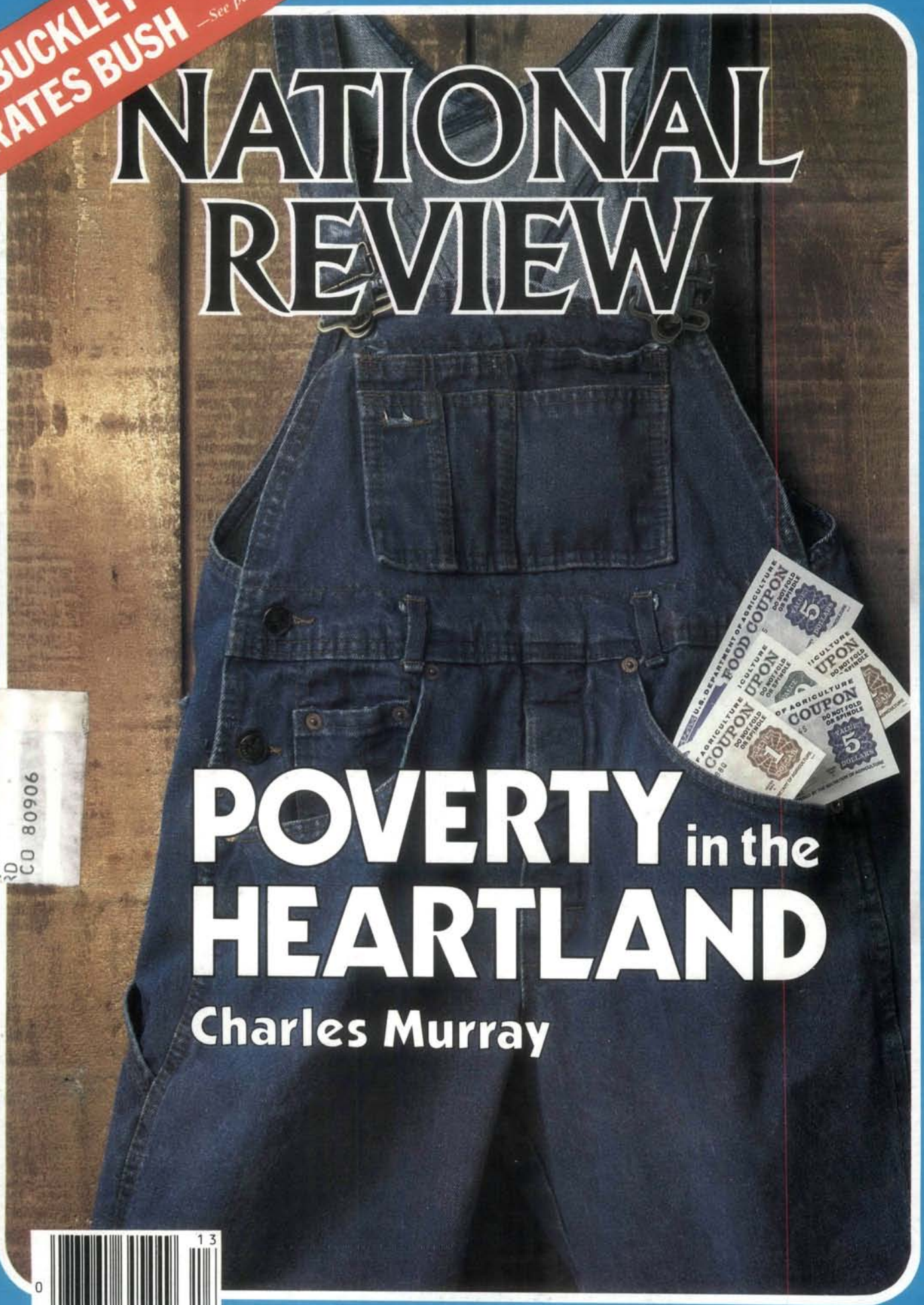

POVERTY in the HEARTLAND

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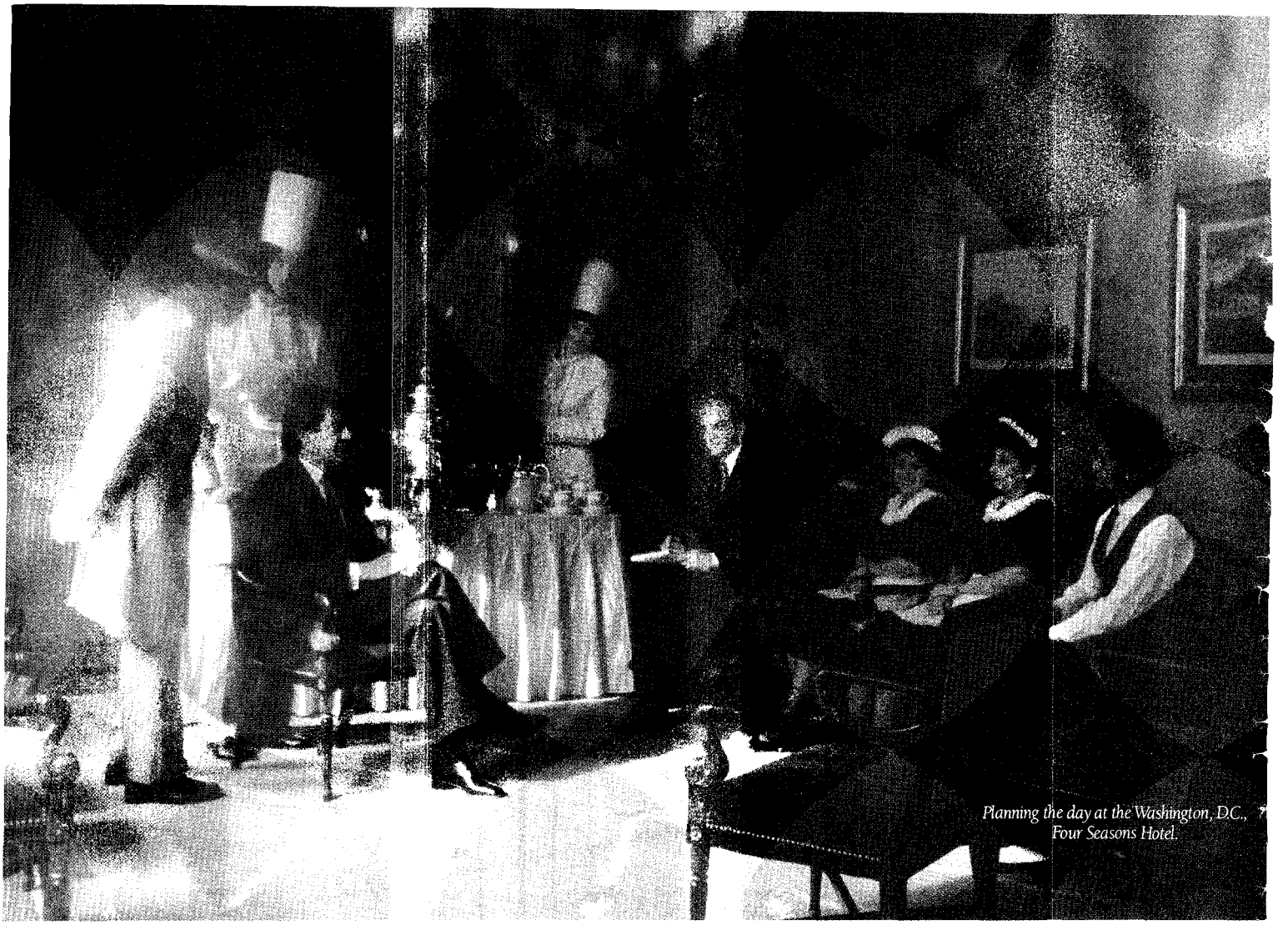

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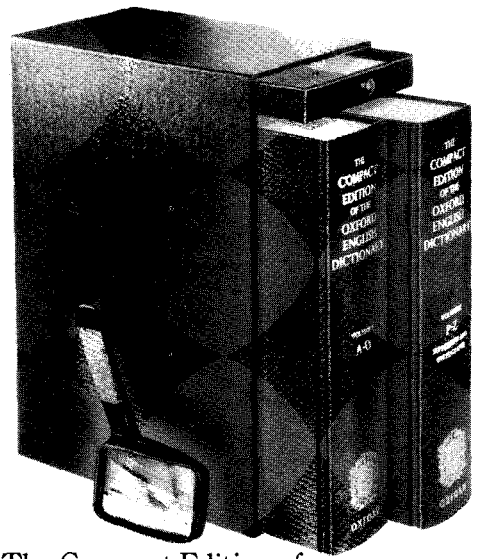

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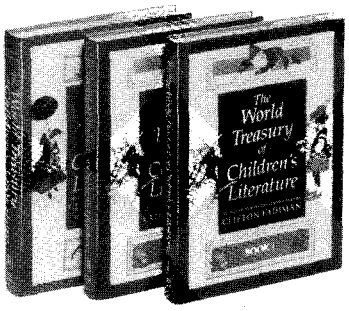

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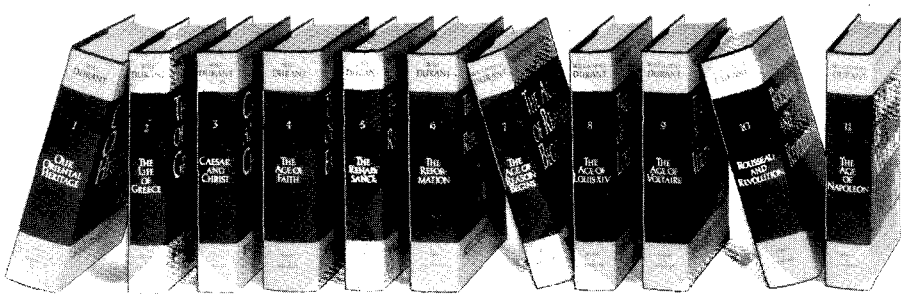

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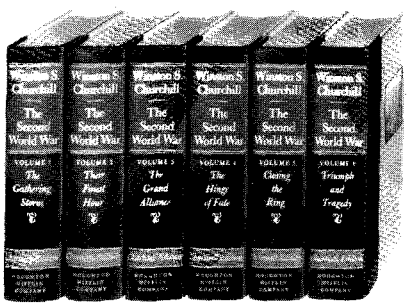

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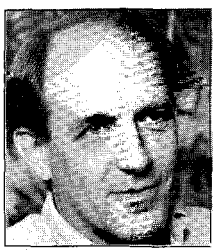
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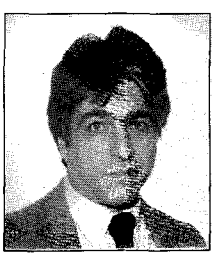
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30 White Welfare, White Families, "White Trash"
If it is time to think seriously about poverty—and it is long past time—then it is time to start thinking about white poverty. Only then will social scientists and politicians be able to break out of racial ruts. White poverty exists, and its dynamics are similar to those of black poverty. So are its causes.
Charles Murray

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

56 We have criminologists, sociologists, Norman Mailer; Alice R. Kaminsky, says **Joseph Sobran**, has now written about murder from the one hitherto unexplored perspective: the victim's. . . . Hilton Kramer smites the philistines, but **Terry Teachout** wonders whether they have a point. . . . **Thomas Molnar** appreciates Jaroslav Pelikan's *Jesus through the Centuries*. . . . **Robert Royal** is happy to have *Conversations with Walker Percy*. . . . Not as interesting as Keats's or Byron's, but interesting enough, says **Jeffrey Meyers** of the letters of Flaubert and Turgenev. . . . **John Simon** thinks the only people down and out in Paul Mazursky's latest are Mazursky and most of the actors (including the dog). . . . **Ralph de Toledano** reviews jazz discs—the American *kleine Nachtmusik*. . . . Geraldine Ferraro was at Sutton Place Synagogue recently; unfortunately for her, so was **D. Keith Mano.**

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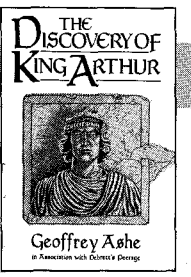

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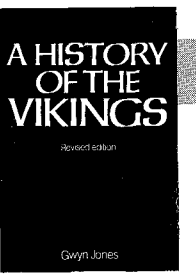

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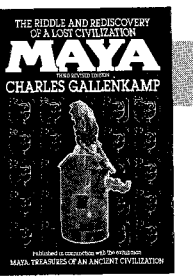

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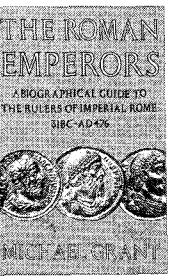

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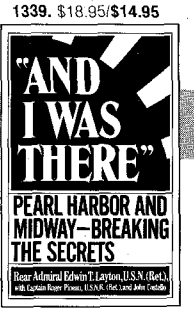

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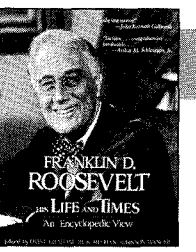

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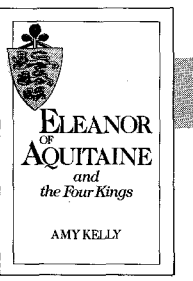

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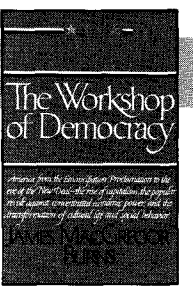

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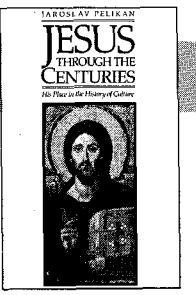

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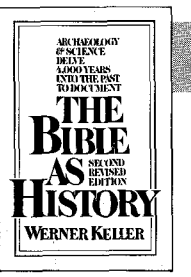

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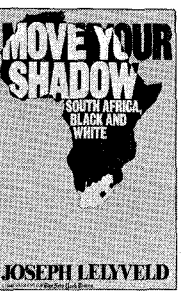

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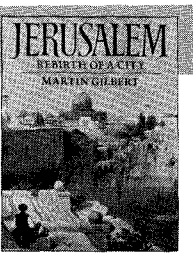

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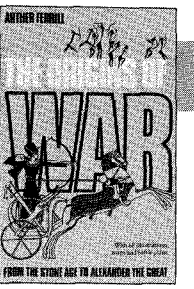

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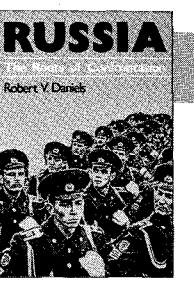

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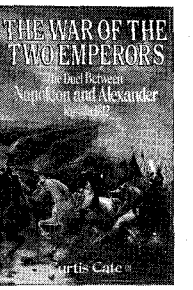

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Selden Rodman / Francis Russell
Michael A. Scully / Terry Teachout
S. L. Varnado / Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

MADness

M. Stanton Evans's article, "Whom the Gods Would Destroy They First Make MAD" [Mar. 14], is an astonishing refutation of the last quarter-century of "nuclear strategy." He brilliantly points out that the dangerously self-delusive illogic of the MAD doctrine and its resultant treaties has made war, and quite possibly nuclear annihilation, more probable, not less.

It would seem that the highest priority of the Department of Defense would be to defend citizens, not leave them open to attack. MAD and the ABM Treaty have not made the world any safer. Instead they have made it an even more dangerous place, creating a Mexican standoff between two mighty military forces, each waiting for the other to blink. The nuclear balance of terror we now live under is a result not only of Soviet aggressiveness but also of American incompetence. As the military historian B. H. Liddell Hart wrote concerning the Allies' role in causing the Second World War, "If you allow anyone to stoke up a boiler until the steam pressure rises beyond danger point, the real responsibility for any resultant explosion will lie with you."

Douglas Mace
Bronx, N.Y.

The Sexual Devolution

George Gilder's tale of Simon and Susan, Arnold and Jane—of a middle-aged executive and his young mistress, of the mistress's would-be husband and the executive's wife ["The Princess's Problem," Feb. 28]—is unfortunately familiar to me. Maybe I have the wrong set of friends, but I can flesh out the picture a bit more.

Jane, of course, will find out that she can't get by on her alimony, and will go looking for a job. Fortunately there will be "affirmative-action" quotas to help her find a job and then to advance in the company. (After all, we have to do something about the "feminization of poverty" that Simon and Jane's divorce is increasing, don't we?) But Jane will be haunted by the thought that she "wasn't woman enough" to hold on to her husband.

Arnold, for his part, will never get his manuscript read. He's probably not as financially secure as Simon was when he was Arnold's age: After all, Arnold has to compete with Jane now, and so he has to prove that he's so good that he should be hired in spite of the "guidelines" that the government set. The last time he was laid off Susan left him—after telling him what a failure he was as a man.

But if innocent victims like Jane and Arnold are made to feel like guilty failures, Simon and Susan probably feel like righteous heroes. Doesn't Simon publish the works of feminist authors? He's grown so much since he became successful. And Susan has been told by all forms of popular culture, from *Psychology Today* to *Dynasty*, that it isn't her fault there are so few men worthy of her favors.

Don Schenk
Allentown, Pa.

Concerning George Gilder's article, "The Princess's Problem: All the Good Ones Are Married, Sort Of": Gilder writes, "The only undeniable winners in the sexual revolution are powerful men." Wilbur Mills, call your office.

Betty R. Smith
Washington, D.C.

Mass Appeal

The Reverend Richard John Neuhaus's detailed analysis of the 1985 synod of bishops ["What the Synod Wrought," Feb. 14] was a fine article on the theoretical implications of the synod and the current political climate in the Vatican. Would that well-meaning theoreticians could bring about the promised "Recovery in Rome." What plagues the Church is not simply the intellectual but the practical. The popes of the Vatican II era have carefully maintained traditional Catholic teachings in the bulk of their official pronouncements. The problems of the Church stem from the refusal of these same popes to take positive *action* against those bishops, priests, and laymen who flaunt their heterodoxy. Bluntly stated, some heads must roll.

The Church will continue to languish until the Holy Father takes positive steps to restore the Mass—for in worship people learn to put into practice the things that they believe. Only through a return to the love of the sacred will Catholics pull themselves out of the mire of humanism, which threatens to impair the

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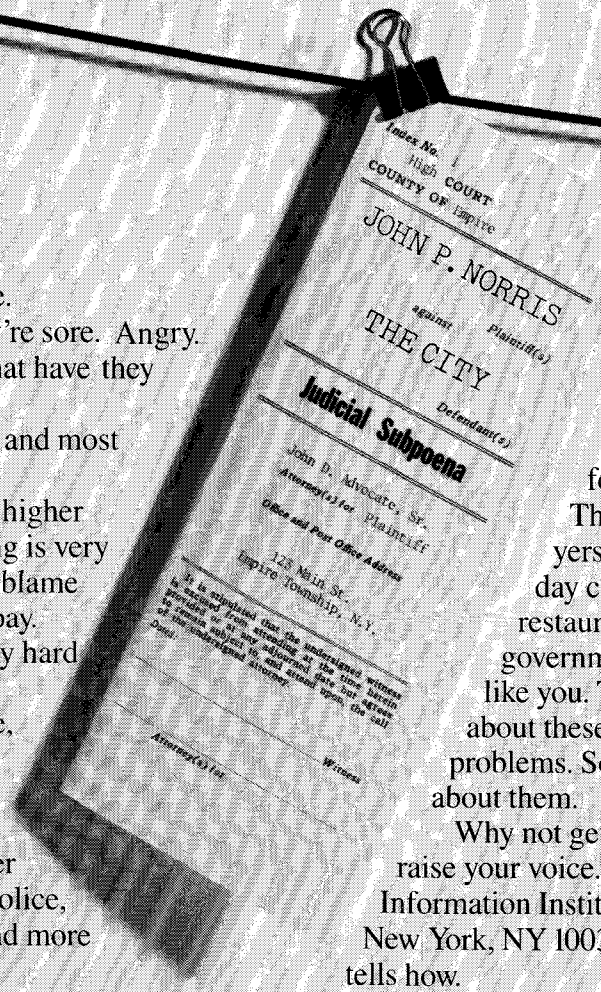

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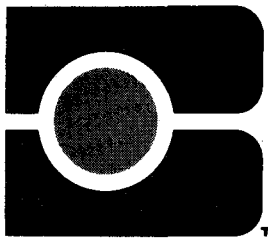

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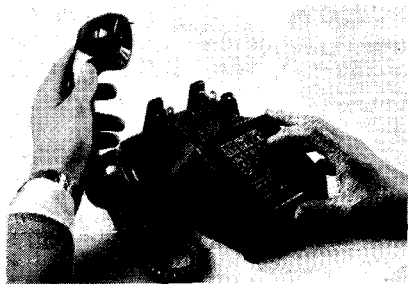

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Whose Ox Goetz Gored?

As one who looks to NATIONAL REVIEW for responsible conservatism, I was disappointed by your editorial "Is Government on the Side of the Thugs?" ["The Week," Feb. 14].

In chastising Manhattan District Attorney Morgenthau for continuing his efforts to indict Bernhard Goetz, you maintain that "he is pretending, against the facts, that the streets are safe, that the subways are safe, that the liberal theories of governance are *working.*"

The district attorney is sworn to uphold the law. The facts that the four victims are indeed thugs, that a New York jury is unlikely to convict Goetz, and that many New Yorkers openly applauded his deed do not add up to the conclusion that he should be spared a trial if it appears that he violated the law. The jury and the court can certainly be counted upon to consider all the facts, and Goetz may well emerge unscathed. The case has been thoroughly investigated, and Mr. Morgenthau is not doing anything more than complying with the obligations of his office.

C. S. Collins
New York, N.Y.

A Ray of Hope

I was recently introduced to NATIONAL REVIEW by an American living and working here in Johannesburg. We have become good friends, and if most Americans are like him then there's hope for the future.

Many of the articles on which I could hold an informed opinion, I find to accord with my own point of view (largely). It makes an almost disturbing change to read articles so unashamedly and refreshingly conservative. Conservatism is a very dirty word here in the English-language press. I fear that it has been mistakenly associated in the minds of all with a sort of neo-Nazi fanaticism that exists on the lunatic fringe of the far Right here in South Africa.

Be all this as it may, I wanted merely to add to the item "Forgive Me, I Am Blind" ["On the Right," Nov. 29].

It is not true that an appeal in a murder case can be made only if extenuating circumstances exist. Leave to appeal is sought from and granted by a trial court if the court feels that another court might have come to a different conclusion as to verdict and/or sentence.

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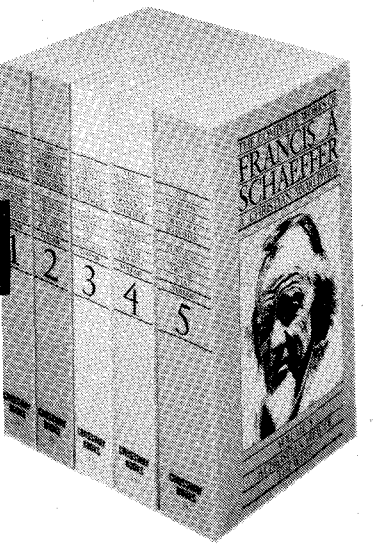

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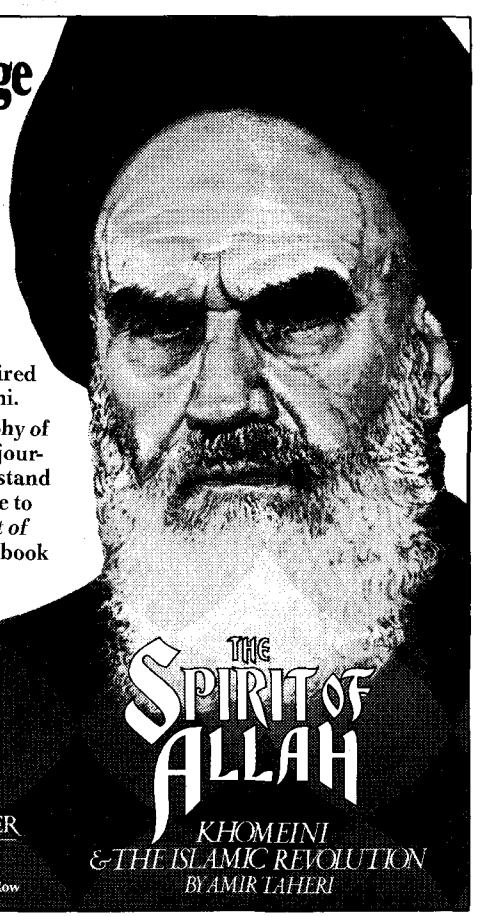

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In the vast majority of cases appeals are noted and heard at all levels. Extenuating circumstances as such will always, if found to exist, avoid the death penalty. Our courts are noted for the way in which they have gone to almost ridiculous lengths to find the existence of extenuating circumstances. Occasionally, this is more difficult to achieve than credibility will support, and the offenders are hanged. Again you err in stating that a date for execution was set "two years later" (after sentence was passed). Where no appeal is noted or heard, convicts are dispatched with humane rapidity. Moloise languished for two years precisely because of the process of appeal.

My comments are not intended as criticism, merely to "set the record straight," as it were. Most people forget that Moloise, like Mandela, was (and is) a criminal duly convicted by a scrupulously fair court. The fact that they may have been or are poets, philosophers, or even saints must be irrelevant.

Nicholas Pitts
Braamfontein, South Africa

PAC Man

Senator Boren and we know who is dominating the votes of our congressmen ["Are PACs Good for You?" "On the Right," Jan. 31]: special interests that are not necessarily directly or intimately related to constituencies, of course—they are the money brokers.

A more intimate relationship between voter and politician is needed, okay?

The only simple—though exacting—way is to legalize contributions to our politicians so that they come only from the people who reside in or from businesses whose legal addresses are in specific geographical constituency areas. These are easily and conveniently defined as within the existing legislative—congressional or senatorial—boundaries. In these legally confined areas any outside "special-interest" groupies cannot invade or smother the intimate relationship that will, therefore, develop between voter and politician.

Arthur S. Irish
Carmel, Calif.

Minor-League Mario

Your comment on Mario Cuomo's aberrational spontaneities ["Strange Obsession," "The Week," Feb. 14] hit right on his real problem—playing both sides of the street. It's not that he is an Italian-American Roman Catholic; it is rather that he has carefully distanced himself from his Church by his effectively pro-abortion stance, his feud with

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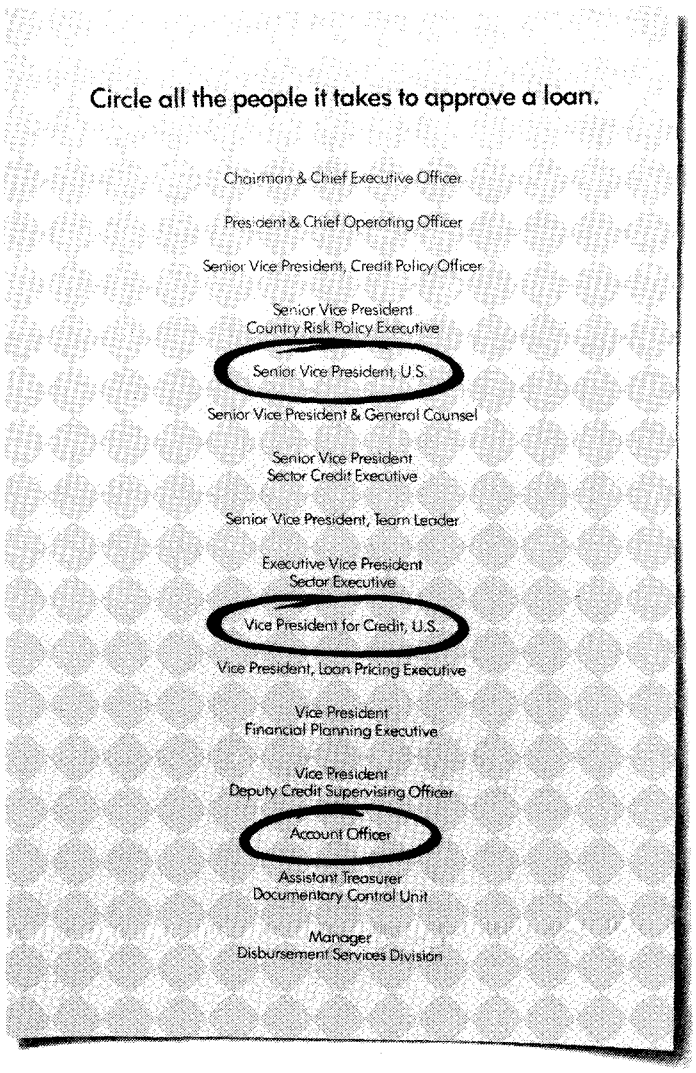

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Cardinal O'Connor, and his unwillingness as a presumed political *leader* to do more than *follow* public consensus. At best this is cynical pragmatism, at worst cowardice (hardly befitting a lawyer whose office was formerly graced by a print of Holbein's Thomas More).

The governor's frustration stems from his doomed effort to establish an artificial constituency—a political base of "ethnic conservatives" and urban liberals. It's phony, and Italian-Americans will see through it (as they saw through Geraldine Ferraro). The governor may now be aware that he can't have it both ways. As an ex-baseball player, he may remember that you can't keep one foot on first base and run for second at the same time.

Charles Borromeo Molineaux
Dover, Mass.

Whew!

I finished the 133rd page of the magnificent December 31, 30th Anniversary Issue of *NR* at 9:30 P.M. on February 11. I am now behind in my reading: (2) *NR*s, (2) *Atlantic*s, (1) *Popular Mechanics*, (1) *Scientific American*, (3) *American Spectator*s, (1) *University Bookman*, and more *New American*s than I care to count.

In addition, I will have to reread "Pensées: Notes for the Reactionary of Tomorrow" by the sainted Joseph Sobran.

John Evritt
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Point—Counterpoint

Richard Brookhiser's comments regarding the teaching of history at the Military Academy in his piece "Rescuing the Military" [Feb. 14] are completely inaccurate. Contrary to his assertions, we offer a range of challenging courses on military and nonmilitary history. In addition to the two-semester core course required of all cadets, the department teaches 11 electives specifically on military history and offers a wide variety of other opportunities to study in that field.

As part of their elective program, cadets have the option to complete a senior thesis or seminar paper on a military-history topic, as well as enroll in a variety of directed-reading colloquia. Moreover, the "nonmilitary" history electives we offer usually include a greater emphasis on military-related issues than those in civilian universities. As for his comment about the elective "The Arts of War," offered by the Department of English, that course illustrates the wide range of courses on military topics in the Military Academy's curriculum, not the paucity of choices.

If Mr. Brookhiser had bothered to call us, we would have been happy to provide him with this information.

Robert A. Doughty
Colonel, U.S. Army
Professor and Head
Department of History
United States Military Academy
West Point, N.Y.

I did bother to call West Point, and I asked for the course catalogue, which is what I based my judgment on. Eleven electives out of nearly fifty in one of 13 departments does not seem like a lot to me. —RB

Delete the Expletives

We must strenuously object to your use of profanity on the cover of the January 31 issue and in the title of Tom Bethell's piece on Britain. It has been said that profanity is the sign of mental impoverishment. If it was truly necessary to use that quote, good taste would dictate using the first letter followed by a series of dashes. Please refrain from the use of the Lord's name in vain as well as other vulgarity and profanity in the future.

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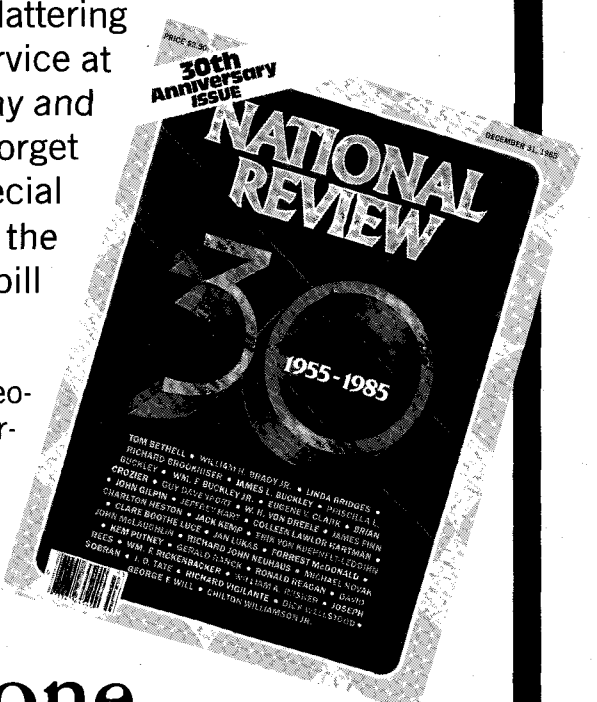

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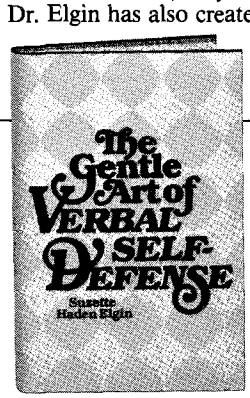
The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense, originally $12.95, now costs only $6.95. And, should you want to return the book, you can do so and have your money refunded with no questions asked.

About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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FOR THE RECORD

Despite best efforts of CBS, NBC, ABC, PBS, and much of the print media, President **Reagan** comes across as a compassionate man. NBC News poll found 59 per cent agreeing with statement, "Ronald Reagan really cares about people like me," up from 43 per cent four years ago. . . . Presidential approval rating continues at 64 to 67 per cent level, but will it translate into Republican votes in November? No, fears South Carolina textile man **Roger Milliken** in *Wall Street Journal* interview (following Reagan veto of textile-protection bill): "Reaction [against that veto] is unbelievably negative. As a Republican, I am worried sick about it." . . . Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** reports some market analysts believe that continued fall in oil prices could add "1 to 1.5 percentage points to real GNP growth this year," with rosy consequences for embattled Republicans in Congress. . . . Country has moved right, to distress of ADA Director **Ann Lewis**. Average ADA rating in current Congress is 45 per cent in House, only 40 in Senate, which, she says, "is not good." . . . Democratic presidential dark horse making most noise at moment is Arizona Gov. **Bruce Babbitt**, who has hired as press secretary **Michael McCurry**, former aide to former (Abscam) Sen. **Harrison Williams** (D., N.J.), Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** (D., N.Y.), and, more briefly, Sen. **John Glenn** (D., Ohio) during Glenn's presidential foray in '84. Babbitt, by the way, thinks **Robert Dole** is "the best in both political and governmental terms" of the Republican candidates.

In California, *les jeux sont faits*: By March 7, final filing day, there were seven Republicans in race against Democratic Sen. **Alan Cranston**, with Cranston handily in lead. But Cranston will be running on ticket with Supreme Court Chief Justice **Rose Bird**, whose popularity ceases not to plunge, and,

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

". . . and the usual official promises of tax cuts."

presumably, with Los Angeles Mayor **Thomas Bradley**, who trailed Gov. **George Deukmejian** 51 to 43 per cent at last count. . . . Cranston was sliced up by contender **Mike Antonovich** for instantly assuming that **Ferdinand Marcos** had ordered the murder of Glendale editor **Oscar Salvatierra** a fortnight back; the slain editor's son is being held. . . . A very dark horse in lists is Congressman **Ed Zschau** (of the unpronounceable name; it's like "shout" without the "t"). Zschau comes from Silicon Valley, has biggest war chest of any of the contenders, and some powerful industrial backers, including **David Packard**. . . . In New York, **Harry Belafonte** is the latest Democrat to decide against taking on Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato**, leaving field to onetime **Ralph Nader** aide **Mark Green**. **Warren Beatty** has promised to do four fundraising benefits for Green, who at present trails D'Amato by thirty points. . . . In other races this fall, *Chicago Tribune*'s "INC." column reports polls are so devastating that Republican Gov. **Jim Thompson** "got hot on the phone to **Doug Bailey** of the D.C. consulting firm of Bailey & Deardorff for advice. . . . The Guv was told to play on **Adlai**'s [**Stevenson III**] indecisiveness and inability to lead." . . . *Boston Globe* says entry of black radical **Mel King** in 8th CD race could be real challenge to "front-runner **Joseph P. Kennedy II**."

For a reading on what the hard Left wants for the Philippines, go to radical *Guardian*, which calls for the destruction of the "basis of support for such types as the **Enriles** [**Cory Aquino**'s defense minister], **Ramoses** [her chief of staff], and **Laurels** [her prime minister] in order to make room for the continued growth of the National Democratic Front [the Communist Party] and the New People's Army [the Marxist insurgents]." . . . **Jack Kemp** has his prescription for the Philippines. He suggests Mrs. Aquino look around her at Taiwan, South Korea, and Singapore, and apply a little supply-side juice to the economy: cut taxes, deregulate, stabilize the currency, "and stop punishing entrepreneurs." . . . As battle over aid to *Contras* goes into high gear, the well-informed *Miami Herald* reports that Agendas International, the New York public-relations firm to which the Sandinistas paid $164,870 in 1984, is owned by **Donald Casey** and **Darryl Hunt**, two former Maryknoll priests who attended the Columbia School of Journalism with Nicaraguan Foreign Minister **Miguel d'Escoto**, another Maryknoller. . . . **Violeta Chamorro**, editor of *La Prensa*, the heavily censored opposition paper in Managua, says she will have to close down in two months because the paper allotment she is now receiving—which permits her to publish only six pages a day—is not enough to support the enterprise. . . . In an interview with Angolan freedom-fighter **Jonas Savimbi** reprinted in *Human Events*, Savimbi is asked whether Communism or apartheid is the greater threat, and answers: Communism. "Apartheid has no potential of expansion at all. . . . But the Russians have proved to us all that they have an immense capability of expansion," and he cited Afghanistan, Cambodia, Ethiopia, and his own Angola.

Amy Carter has come of age: When last heard from she was lying awake nights in fear of nuclear holocaust; today, a student at Brown, she is occupying the administration building in protest against apartheid.

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HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF COUNTERFEIT AUTO PARTS

INFERIOR PARTS COULD THREATEN YOUR SAFETY

Today, a counterfeiter no longer has to print phony twenty-dollar bills. Selling imitation automotive replacement parts—packaged to resemble products from legitimate manufacturers—is big business.

For people who buy and use counterfeit auto parts, though, the consequences can be costly. For example, body panels may require expensive labor to bring their finish quality up to the rest of the car. Bogus oil filters have failed after 200 miles, causing unprotected engines to seize up, requiring their complete replacement.

Inferior transmission fluid has solidified at 0° Fahrenheit, ruining transmissions. And counterfeit antifreeze has eaten right through aluminum parts.

The failure can be safety-related. A fatal 1985 bus accident in Britain was attributed to the installation of counterfeit brake parts. Ill-fitting counterfeit gas caps can fall off, increasing the risk of a fire in a roll-over accident.

Here's how to make sure you receive parts that are made to work best in your GM car. Your most reliable source is your GM dealer. He can supply any part for your GM car or truck. Buying popular brand parts from reputable stores or garages is another way to improve your chances of getting the right part. But wherever you buy, be suspicious of discounts that seem too good to be true.

Some tip-offs that a part might be counterfeit:

Flimsy packaging.

Lack of name-brand identification such as AC-Delco.

"Look-alike" graphics or a change in the spelling of a recognized trade name. In this way counterfeiters can avoid prosecution under the 1984 Trademark Counterfeiting Law. So examine the package carefully.

If a replacement part doesn't fit easily, you should probably return it. A reputable distributor will almost certainly give you a refund or credit.

General Motors is taking strong measures in the U.S. and overseas to put a stop to parts counterfeiting. GM is trying to stop the problem at its source. So far we've helped U.S. marshals confiscate parts in raids on 29 counterfeiting operations. Another eight operations have been uncovered and prosecuted in foreign countries.

GM is also developing a hologram identification device, much like those becoming popular on credit cards, to improve security in our parts distribution.

After all, General Motors has a tremendous investment in GM parts that work together to give our customers safe, reliable cars and trucks. We want our customers to be confident they can maintain their GM vehicles at the same level of high quality we build them.

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THE WEEK

☐ After the President's televised speech on the defense budget, ABC aired House Majority Leader Jim Wright's rebuttal on behalf of the Democrats, which was followed by David Brinkley's rebuttal, after which came Sam Donaldson's rebuttal, and they wrapped it all up with Vladimir Posner and the Soviet Union's rebuttal.

☐ It may or may not be significant that when the President called those reporters "sons of bitches," even ABC didn't bother offering a rebuttal.

☐ There is more evidence that the power of vested interests in politics is as nothing compared with the power of ideas. In a CBS/*New York Times* survey, pollsters asked: Should federal spending on farm programs be increased? Would you personally be willing to pay higher taxes to keep farmers from losing their land? and, Should government help farmers more than it helps other small-businessmen? In each case people who live in rural areas were *less* likely to support farm programs than people who lived in cities and suburbs. And people in the Midwest and South, where most of the farms are, were less likely to support subsidies than people in the relatively urban Northeast and West. One way to look at it is that the closer you get to the farm crisis, the less you think government interference can make things better. Another way to look at it is that demands for a farm bailout are less a matter of objective need than they are a matter of liberal ideology, the influence of which is now as always stronger in the cities.

☐ DON'T TRY IT, IT MIGHT WORK DEPT.: According to *Fortune*, Congress is unlikely to approve the Reagan Administration's idea of privatizing two Washington airports, Dulles and National, now owned by the Feds. One reason is that both airfields are on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and local rivalries come into play: ". . . Maryland's congressional delegation would fight such a sale to the last check-in counter. Maryland would like to keep Dulles primitive and National shabby so they could compete less effectively with the state's Baltimore/Washington International Airport." Next thing you know Federal Express will object to letting the Postal Service go private for fear it will start delivering the mail on time.

☐ The Supreme Court's affirmation of the right of local governments to restrict pornographic movie theaters through zoning was roughly sensible. The resolution of the pornography controversy, which a society of free, equal, self-governing adults ought to want, is fairly easy to see. First, federal constraints on pornography ought to be ruled out. Imposing the same standard on country mice and city mice is arrogant and patronizing, and excites unnecessary political conflicts. The powerful mechanisms of federal enforcement—postal regulations, FBI sting operations, etc. —are excessively intrusive and unacceptably efficient. Going the last mile to keep the pornography addict from his brown-paper package is not a reasonable public-policy goal. Keeping pornography from being advertised offensively and harming neighborhoods, making distribution more difficult, and keeping smut from infecting the general culture are reasonable goals. All these are better accomplished by simple, locally enforced, retail-business regulations. A decent society will wish to discourage pornography; a free society doesn't want to do the job too well.

☐ The last permitted polls before France's March 16 parliamentary elections showed the Right with 55 per cent of the vote. If those figures are anywhere near accurate, they will translate into a handsome majority in the Chamber of Deputies. A fascinating analysis of the electoral picture in *L'Express* (France's *Time*) suggests that when François Mitterrand forced through the proportional-representation reform a year ago, he out-foxed himself. Proportional representation was

Remembering Olof Palme

Once, Sweden made the Russians quake;
The Baltic was a Swedish lake
And Romanovs were strictly barred
From dropping off a calling card;
Now Russian subs routinely bore
The nudies using Sweden's shore,
While Stockholm much prefers Vietnam
To that great satan, Uncle Sam.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

GARRET FITZGERALD, prime minister of Ireland and leader of the Fine Gael Party, will lunch with President Reagan at the White House on St. Patrick's Day. The *Taoiseach* will ask Mr. Reagan for $250 million for the Anglo-Irish Trust for the reconstruction of Northern Ireland, a fund brought into existence by the Thatcher-FitzGerald accord signed last November, under which, for the first time, the Republic of Ireland will have a say in the affairs of the British province of Northern Ireland. The aid will be spread out over five years, is the word around Washington, with disbursements of $100 million in cash and $150 million in loans.

A historic first, the aid is expected to survive at the above level in Congress despite the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings cleaver, since Tip O'Neill, Teddy Kennedy, Tom Foley, and assorted other heavies on both sides of the aisle favor both the accord and the aid. FitzGerald hopes that Canada, Australia, and the European Community will also contribute, thus signaling to the Northern Protestants, who currently scorn the accord, that this framework for Anglo-Irish intergovernmental parleys on Northern Ireland, ratified by both nations' parliaments, is taken seriously by the international community. More concretely, FitzGerald hopes the funding will relieve conditions in Northern Ireland, where unemployment currently rages at 23 per cent (30 per cent among adult Catholic males), and thus help make both communities less vulnerable to extremists. Of itself, the accord is already working its own benefits. Only four months after the signing, the flow of money from the U.S. to the terrorist IRA and INLA (Irish National Liberation Army) has slowed.

Northern Ireland aside, Dr. FitzGerald has other woes. The GNP growth in the Republic of Ireland now hovers around a sickly 1 per cent. Unemployment is 18 per cent, the highest in the European Community. Ireland's national debt is $6.4 billion, higher per capita than even semi-bankrupt Poland's. To sustain a generous system of welfare and unemployment checks, the Irish are among the most heavily taxed people in Europe. Drugs have become a problem, and the brain drain alarms parents, educators, and civic leaders. The only bright spot is inflation, which stands at 4.9 per cent, the lowest since 1968. Little surprise that a recent poll shows both Charles Haughey (FitzGerald's chief political opponent) and Desmond O'Malley (head of the new Progressive Democratic Party, splintered off from Haughey's Fianna Fáil) ahead of the prime minister in popularity. FitzGerald hopes that the accord will turn popularity in his favor before the next parliamentary elections, which must be held by November 1987, but he is sufficiently realistic to know that the nation's economy will really determine that vote.

Senator Bob Kasten (R., Wis.) was recently stopped for driving while under the influence, but the incident appears to have had little impact on his popularity. A *Milwaukee Journal* poll taken in mid-February gave Kasten a favorable rating of 51 per cent. "That's within a couple of points" of his rating prior to the incident, says a Kasten aide. The same poll showed Kasten with an unfavorable rating of 24 per cent, while 25 per cent had no opinion. "Wisconsin is a competitive state," says a GOP senator from a Southwestern state, "but things haven't changed for Kasten. There's been no real slippage."

The most serious contenders for the Democratic nomination in Wisconsin are former NFL player representative Ed Garvey, former State Democratic Party Chairman Matt Flynn, and State Senator Gary George, none of whom is as popular as Kasten. Republican analysts here expect Kasten to keep his seat this November, but by a narrower margin than hitherto forecast, thus helping the GOP keep its Senate majority—about which, by the way, Senator Paul Laxalt (R., Nev.), RNC General Chairman, is very bullish, expecting his party to *add* about two seats to its present 53 to 47 majority. Laxalt is not alone in this optimism. The expected robustness of the economy is making the difference in a lot of people's thinking. —CATO

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meant to enhance the Socialists' electoral position; however, in two-thirds of the departments, instead of running separate tickets the two major parties of the Right, the Gaullist Rally for the Republic (Jacques Chirac) and the Union for French Democracy (Raymond Barre), are running single slates of candidates, giving the voters a simple choice: a continuation of Mitterrand's socialism, with its high unemployment and economic rigidities, or a turn toward a freer, less regimented economy, which the man in the street seems to favor. A second misjudgment, says *L'Express*, was the Socialists' overestimation of the appeal of Jean-Marie Le Pen's far-right National Front, which was also expected to split the anti-Left vote. Prospects: Uncertain. Will France be able to survive with a Socialist president and a right-of-center government? Not even the architect of the Fifth Republic, the autocratic Charles de Gaulle, managed to stay in office when the natives became restless.

☐ An article in our February 28 issue, "South Korea Comes of Age," by Ralph de Toledano, stated that "The list of some five hundred politicians banned from any political activity is now down to 15." In fact, by May of last year, there were no politicians banned from activity, and the list is still at zero today. The most prominent South Korean "dissident," Kim Dae Jung, is restricted from political activity because he was convicted of committing a crime. The real Korean tyrants are above the 38th Parallel, but Mary Travers won't sing about them.

☐ More than sixty years after the crime was committed, the liberal myths about the Sacco & Vanzetti case have finally been interred. *NR* contributor Francis Russell, writing in the March 13 *New York Review of Books*, concludes that "Sacco and Vanzetti died for a cause, Sacco as a soldier of the revolution, Vanzetti as an innocent man." In an excerpt from his

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upcoming book (soon to be reviewed in *NR*), *Sacco & Vanzetti: The Case Resolved*, Russell, using testimony from people who had heretofore remained silent, proves conclusively not only that Sacco was guilty, but that radicals who knew of Vanzetti's innocence kept silent in order not to "ruin the movement."

☐ It would be wrong to say that giving the two top Grammy awards to "We Are the World," the pop single that raised millions for Ethiopian famine relief, trivialized the Grammies, because to trivialize them further would be impossible. Unlike the Oscar, which has often—surprisingly often, given the makeup of the Motion Picture Academy—rewarded merit, the Grammy regularly goes with the gross, rather like winning the prize for best copier salesman. That point was reinforced this year by the lifetime-achievement award to the Rolling Stones, who, for all their contributions to contemporary music and their almost painfully acute articulation of the moral and metaphysical frustrations of their generation, never won a regular Grammy because they were never the single hottest rock band commercially. Conceding that point, however, the all but automatic award to a song clearly not among the best of the year is part of a pattern of corrosive sentimentality that, though it nearly always threatens American pop culture, seems especially dangerous lately. *The Color Purple*, nominated by the Motion Picture Academy for best picture and an odds-on favorite to win, was not even a competent film. That the academy knows this was made clear by its withholding of even a best-director nomination from Steven Spielberg. Yet the film's adoption of currently acceptable social sentiments—blacks are good unless they are men, men are bad even if they are black, whites are bad even if they are women—was so perfect, so devoted, yes, so Hollywood, that the nomination was a foregone conclusion.

☐ It's a shame Harry Belafonte decided against running for senator of New York. He's certainly qualified. Calypso singer, television star, fellow-traveler, minority guy, Harry's done it all. In addition, he caused New Hampshire Governor John Sununu to worry that Trini Lopez might take up residency and challenge his seat.

☐ Peter Vogel was an important force in New York politics. A homosexual, he founded Brooklyn's Lambda Independent Democrats and helped make the "gay" community politically powerful. In 1980 he was partly responsible for incorporating "gay rights" into the Democratic Party's national agenda. Since 1984 he was a top advisor to Mario Cuomo on AIDS and homosexual issues. Last month he died of AIDS, at 41, survived, according to the *New York Times*, by his father and "his companion of twenty years, Don Castellanos." He was eulogized by a female rabbi at New York's only homosexual synagogue. Thanks, Mario.

☐ China says taxes are a "glorious responsibility," and is peevish about citizens who beat up tax collectors.

☐ A convicted murderer in Texas wants to sell seats to witness his execution, the proceeds to be split between his own and his victim's families. A dandy idea, and you're still worrying about the decline of our entrepreneurial spirit?

☐ ERRATUM: In the February 28 issue of *NR*, in Charles Murray's article, "How to Lie with Statistics," the third graph (top of page 40) was mislabeled. The dotted line should have been labeled "Households on AFDC," while the solid line should have referred to "Households headed by a single female." The error was *NR*'s. The corresponding figures are described accurately in the body of Mr. Murray's article.

Miracle in Manila

IN THE END, Corazon Aquino *was* the Philippines. The steady, untutored voice of this political amateur awakened in the Filipino people their own better qualities, and they rallied to her with a fervor no other opposition politician had ever aroused. What happened in Manila was unprecedented in modern times: an authoritarian government collapsing overnight because its people—even its own appointees in the military—would not uphold it any more. It was democracy by default, by consensus, by the force of a remarkable spirit of popular unity that swept the Philippines once it became clear that Mrs. Aquino had equaled or surpassed Marcos in the polls. Whether or not she can really make the archipelago more free and democratic remains to be seen, but that is clearly what the people voted for.

As for Marcos, to his credit, he went gracefully. If this was a dictatorship, it was a most mild one by Third World standards. It was he, after all, who called the election that toppled him, who let it proceed even when his mistake had become clear, and who allowed Mrs. Aquino to run a serious campaign against him. He permitted international observers and the world press to catalogue the electoral abuses—abuses of his bureaucracy—and when it finally became clear that the people no longer supported him, he stepped down, sparing his country a tragic civil war. The world needs more dictators like that.

The remarkable events in the Philippines demonstrate the truth of Jeane Kirkpatrick's dictum that there is a vast difference between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes. Can anyone seriously claim that what happened in the Philippines could have happened in the USSR, East Germany, Vietnam, or Cuba? The totalitarian governments of the world perpetrate elec-

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toral fraud on a scale that dwarfs Ferdinand Marcos ten thousand times over—while the Western media casually report that Gorbachev, Honecker, Le Duan, or Castro has been "elected."

The liberal media have painted themselves into the proverbial corner on the Philippines. Mrs. Aquino was fine, so long as she was merely a symbol to use against Marcos. Now that she heads a democratic government besieged by a Communist insurgency, the *Washington Post* seems to be having second thoughts, criticizing her for appointing a cabinet of moderates who are (perish the thought) both educated and affluent. The suspicion lingers that the Left in America would prefer to see the Philippines go under.

The Reagan Administration performed superbly, adapting quickly to a fluid and uncertain situation, while keeping U.S. interests uppermost in mind. Marcos was given a gracious out, but not forced out; he was offered asylum in America, as a longtime ally whose time was up, but not cowardly abandoned as was the Shah of Iran. A team of high-level presidential appointees—Wolfowitz and Armacost at State, Armitage at Defense, Poindexter and Sigur in the White House—had laid the groundwork for a successful U.S. policy in the Philippines by months of patient effort at home and abroad. When the dénouement came, they were ready. The peace that reigns in the Philippines today was as much a triumph of U.S. foreign policy as of Philippine democracy.

Can George Do It?

ON PAPER, George Bush has a sterling background for the Presidency: He has been Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, war hero, self-made millionaire, congressman, diplomat, CIA chief, and Republican national chairman, advantages not entirely offset by his being Vice President. He is even now the front-runner for the 1988 Republican nomination.

So what's his problem? For he certainly has one. In the last few weeks he hasn't just been attacked, but treated with contempt, the contempt reserved for the weak. Even his defenders, by seeming overprotective, reinforce the impression that he can't defend himself.

Most notably, he was the target of a scalding column by George Will. (See "On the Right," p. 71.) As Bush goes about trying to ingratiate himself with conservatives, wrote Will, he emits "a thin, tinny 'arf' —the sound of a lap dog." Supporters of Bush's main early rival for the nomination, Jack Kemp, quickly distributed thousands of lapel buttons reading simply, "Arf!" The Johnny Carson jokes can't be far off.

It can certainly be argued that Will was too cruel and contemptuous; the point is that in trying so hard to please, Bush somehow seems to elicit a dismissive attitude. Doesn't he have his own reasons for wanting the Presidency? "Aides to Mr. Bush say that he does have a message and that it will emerge when the timing is more appropriate," reports Gerald M. Boyd of the *New York Times*.

But a message that can be kept under wraps isn't much of a message. Ronald Reagan's vision of America would hardly have been compelling if he had waited until the 1980 primaries to unveil it. Reagan's message has always been integral to his political existence. It's already too late to say that of George Bush. He still comes across as a pleasant, 61-year-old Ivy League boy who hasn't quite found himself.

Many conservatives aren't reassured by his efforts to court them, and are concerned that he might gain enough organizational momentum to become inevitable. They cite the absence of conservatives on his staff as evidence that he wouldn't appoint conservatives once he entered the Oval Office. Abstract agreement with conservative positions won't be enough under political pressures to be "pragmatic."

It's far too early to write Bush off; after all, he *is* the front-runner, and the nomination is his to lose. But if he's going to seem plausible as a President, he is going to have to counteract the widespread feeling that his is a Vice Presidency adrift.

Oil Analysts, Please Copy

Though no Napoleon's appeared,
Iranians have commandeered
Some land a whisker from the gate
That opens into fat Kuwait,
While just beyond, awash in oil,
The princes pace their sandy soil,
Aware that manic mullahs would
Erase the House of Saud for good.

W. H. VON DREELE

Quibbling with Savimbi

IN WASHINGTON it has become a truism that Democrats on the Hill, cowed by Ronald Reagan's foreign-policy successes and the increasingly belligerent anti-Communism of the American people, have moved right on foreign policy. Yet the Democratic leadership has never accepted military aid for the *Contras* and is now trying to stop aid for Jonas Savimbi's UNITA. Opposition to aid takes the proceduralist form of demanding that it be overt rather than covert. There is some argument for being up-front about these things; some argument indeed for recognizing Jonas Savimbi as the ruler of Angola and sending him regular foreign aid. But it is the executive branch that must work out these details; if aiding Savimbi is a good idea, then Congress ought to be willing to defer its quibbles.

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The truth is that the main body of congressional Democrats, though they have been convinced of the political necessity of appearing more anti-Soviet, remain reflexive appeasers. Thus they support aid to anti-Communist rebel groups in Afghanistan and Cambodia, where there is little hope that American aid will actually impede Communist and Soviet action, and oppose it in Nicaragua and Angola, where real victories could be won—and where the U.S. national interest is more directly involved. When Savimbi came to Washington seeking aid, the fury with which the Hill Democrat/*Washington Post* axis criticized him for being—of all things—insufficiently capitalist was exceeded only by the insincerity of the attack. It was as if, for a week or so, Washington liberals were worried about nothing so much as that the Reagan Administration might betray its principles by supporting some foreign leader whose domestic policies were to the left of Margaret Thatcher's.

That attack made perfectly clear how little has changed and how little the Administration can depend on Congress to actively support resistance to Soviet expansion. Savimbi needs help this spring. The Reagan style is to triumph through patient persistence. But there is no time for patience on this one. If Angola is to be liberated, the White House must push hard, now.

The Medvid Coverup

NOT ONLY DID American officials botch the attempted defection of the Ukrainian sailor Miroslav Medvid, but they attempted a coverup as well. As reported earlier in these pages ["A Foul Affair," Dec. 31], there are serious questions as to whether the sailor who jumped off the Soviet grain ship *Marshal Konev* was the same person who three days later was turned over to American officials for interrogation and supervision.

The first sailor (let us call him that, for the sake of argument) was described as five feet ten inches tall and weighing 174 pounds. A Navy doctor who examined the second man said he was "of short stature, approximately 150 pounds." The first Medvid was fluent in Ukrainian and Polish, according to Irene Padoch, an interpreter who spoke to him for ninety minutes. The second Medvid spoke fluent Russian, but had trouble with Ukrainian, making several grammatical errors. The first Medvid was terrified when he pleaded for political asylum, saying, "I want to live in a decent country." The second one was cocky and belligerent, saying that he had fallen off the ship by accident, and that he wanted to return home. He repeatedly remarked that the Soviet system was superior. Two independent handwriting experts concluded that two handwriting samples taken on different days were probably written by different people. At one point, when the original Medvid was being brought back forcibly to his ship, he began to bang his head violently against some rocks. No head injuries were found on the second man.

No one person seems to have seen both men, but photographs taken on the two occasions support the thesis that the Soviets made a switch. Navy Lieutenant James Geltz, a public-affairs officer, took 19 pictures of the second sailor when he was being led back to a car to return to the ship. Eventually, Geltz showed the photos to Joseph Wyman, the local jeweler who had first met the original Medvid and taken him to the police. Wyman told Geltz, "That's not the same guy I saw." Geltz was convinced that the Soviets "had pulled a fast one." When he notified his superior officer, he was sharply rebuked and told to relinquish the pictures. He refused. He was arrested and placed under armed guard. Later, he was officially reprimanded, forced to resign from the Navy, and denied admission to the Naval Reserve, which disqualified him for a pension.

Despite all the evidence, the State Department has said it "has no doubt that the individual we interviewed was the same man who jumped." Senator Gordon Humphrey has introduced a resolution to establish a Special Senate Panel to investigate the Medvid case and to take a more general look at govern-

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ment procedures concerning possible defectors from Communist countries. Although the resolution has 61 co-sponsors, Majority Leader Bob Dole and Alan Simpson, chairman of the immigration subcommittee, have repeatedly kept it from coming up for a vote.

Most of the coverups that the advocacy press has been so diligent in exposing have involved our government's attempting to protect itself and its interests. In this case, however, our government seems to be involved in a coverup to protect the interests of the Soviet Union.

Will the FDA Die of AIDS?

FEW FEDERAL agencies have resisted the trend toward deregulation as stolidly as the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), but then few are subjected to so irrational a set of political pressures. Most drugs with therapeutic value also cause side effects in some users, but the agency comes under more attack if one person dies from the side effects of a drug it has approved than if three people die because it has not yet approved a new drug that might have helped them. So don't just blame the agency for creating a "drug lag"; blame the liberal politicos and Nader groups who attack it when it tries to behave differently.

The arrival of the AIDS crisis is making it impossible for the agency to continue business as usual. With the number of cases doubling yearly and two million Americans already exposed to the virus, the leisurely six-to-eight-year pace of drug approval puts hundreds of thousands of lives at risk. And with thousands of articulate, well-educated patients scanning the medical literature in search of therapeutic advances, the agency cannot hope to keep them in the dark.

Several drugs that the agency is holding up have shown promise against the disease. Isoprinosine is legal in 89 countries for various uses, and has been specifically approved by New Zealand for treating AIDS-related complex (ARC), a condition that often leads to AIDS itself. The substance stimulated immune response in more than two-thirds of ARC patients tested in a recent study. Ribavirin is a widely used antiviral that is legal in about thirty countries. Other promising compounds are HPA-23, the drug Rock Hudson flew to Paris to obtain, and the related drug Suramin, which reportedly has fewer side effects.

"With absolutely nothing to lose," reports Washington writer David Lampo, "some AIDS victims aren't willing to wait." They are shuttling to Mexico and smuggling back isoprinosine and ribavirin (both of which are available over the counter there) inside hollow souvenirs. There is also a growing underground network of American doctors who are risking their licenses to get bootlegged supplies for their patients.

The rationales for paternalistic safety regulation have always been weak, but here they are at their weakest:

"Let the experts decide." Isn't the government better equipped than ordinary parents to decide how far apart crib slats should be?—so the argument goes. But FDA control of prescription drugs is mostly a way of second-guessing doctors, not consumers. The brilliant doctor at the front line of AIDS therapy in New York, working with hundreds of actual cases, cannot follow his best judgment; the Washington civil servant, studying two-year-old data and perhaps never having known an actual victim, gets to choose. Even if we want rule by experts, this isn't it.

"Unapproved remedies can harm patients, or at least enrich quacks." Isoprinosine seems to be nontoxic to users, and it is expensive only because of its illegality: A tablet that sells for 12 cents in Mexico can bring $25 on the San Francisco black market. All four of the drugs used to treat ARC are manufactured by established firms, some of which (like Germany's Bayer, which produces Suramin) are among the world's most respected.

"Unproven therapies distract patients from proven ones." There are no legal proven therapies for AIDS. Patients with ARC seem to do better if they get plenty of rest and are under a doctor's supervision, which is a good reason not to force them to fly regularly to Juarez and take charge of their own therapy.

The clock of FDA approval ticks very slowly, but the clock of public patience with the FDA may be about to run out.

Ministry of Love

HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVISTS in New York City are predicting "victory at last" for a gay-rights ordinance to be voted on by the City Council later this month. It contains the usual horrors. The city, of course, already has a Human Rights Commission, one of those judge-jury-and-prosecutor-rolled-into-one affairs mandated to make everyone be nice, which is to say commissioned to fine or jail citizens whose distaste for other citizens finds expression in private acts of prejudice. Under the new bill, homosexuality would become one of the things citizens aren't allowed to dislike. Indeed the preamble to the bill states that there is "no greater danger to the well-being of New York City" than intolerance of other people's unusual "sexual orientation." The Human Rights Commission would be empowered to require employers to hire individual homosexuals who can demonstrate discrimination, and to force landlords to rent apartments to homosexuals on the same basis. Businesses with fewer than five employees and two-family, owner-occupied houses would be exempt. But an owner of a three-family house in which two of the apartments were occupied, say, by socially conservative families with young children would have no recourse. Even worse, the commission is charged with eliminating discrimi-

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natory attitudes in society at large. That mission would include, should the bill pass, preparing "anti-discriminatory" instructional materials for public and private schools, designed to convince students to be accepting and non-judgmental toward homosexuality.

Gay-rights bills have been proposed repeatedly over the years and always stopped, largely through the efforts of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York. But the death of a key Catholic councilman and last fall's elections make a gay-activist victory much more likely this year. The archdiocese, unfortunately, has so far argued against the bill on the grounds that it would give legal approval to homosexuality, which is hardly the problem. The real objection to the bill is its totalitarian conviction that men should be allowed to behave as free agents only to the extent that they mirror fashionable attitudes. As with most civil-rights legislation, its pretenses to extending freedom are sham. The moral purpose of private property is to create an arena for private judgment; to force employers or landlords to contract with people they dislike or disapprove destroys that arena. One of the chief social purposes of the family is to protect, with special bonds of love and loyalty, powerless individuals, usually children, who might otherwise be exploited or oppressed by strangers. Take from families the right to the moral education of their children, or the right to form their children's environment, and the family has been made a convenience of the state. The archdiocese should oppose the bill as an act of tyranny, and the citizens of New York ought to join the fight on the same grounds.

Ueberroth's Plutocracy

BASEBALL COMMISSIONER Peter Ueberroth, sometimes mentioned as a senatorial or even presidential possibility, has been trying to thread his way through the byzantine maze of baseball drug use. The fact is that drugs, most importantly amphetamines, are pervasive in modern high-pressure athletics. Right now, however, Ueberroth is concerned with cocaine, and has suspended 11 players for the entire season for having used it in the past.

The penalty is not really that severe. The men can play if they agree to surprise drug tests, donate 10 per cent of their salary to rehabilitation programs, perform community service, and so forth. Most will, though the players' union has so far not spoken on the matter and could veto the whole deal.

What's going on? If a player uses cocaine on occasion, but still performs well on the field, isn't that the district attorney's worry and not Ueberroth's? Well, maybe not. A soft argument asserts that ballplayers are role models for the young. Both Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio were warned along those lines by New York mayors, Ruth for general rowdiness, DiMaggio for questionable associates around Broadway. But Bruce Springsteen is probably a more potent role model today than Keith Hernandez or Dale Berra.

As usual, the bottom line is no doubt money. Seatbelts are now required not to protect you, but to protect the insurance companies. It doesn't matter whether you like them or not. And the ballplayers are being sanitized to protect the owners' large investment in them. Millions of dollars are involved if the DA sends a star to the slammer. When the seatbelt legislator talks about "safety," when the owners and publicists talk about morality and role models, remember: *Cherchez le cash.*

The True Believer

REMEMBER GORBACHEV the Technocrat? Gorbachev the Liberal Reformer? Gorbachev the young, dynamic representative of a new generation of Soviet leaders who would sweep aside the gerontocracy and rigidity of the Brezhnev era and replace it with a refreshing openness and a passion for change?

When the General Secretary mounted the dais in the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses to deliver the keynote address at the 27th Party Congress, a massive media contingent from the West waited anxiously for announcements that would shake the Soviet empire from its lethargy and win banner headlines around the world.

They might as well have stayed home. What they got was Gorbachev the True Believer, Gorbachev the Ideologue, Gorbachev the Revolutionary Intellectual in the manner of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, all three of whom he quoted *ad nauseam* in a five-and-a-half-hour speech even Fidel Castro would have been hard-pressed to match. Kremlinologists were stunned by the most ideological, jargon-laden keynote speech given at a Soviet Party Congress since the days of Stalin. This was not pop Marxism either; it was sophisticated ideology thoughtfully crafted to serve the ends of totalitarian politics. The speech left little doubt that in Gorbachev we are dealing with a committed, believing Communist and a brilliant adversary at that.

Party Poopers

Inflation's pushing 3 per cent
As rates resume a slow descent
And Wall Street utters little shrieks,
Accentuating market peaks,
Though Democrats who have to run
Don't seem to enter in the fun.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Gorbachev focused on the USSR's internal problems, advancing all kinds of elusive hints of reform and change, but nothing concrete on which to hang a single headline. He claimed the world is entering a period as dangerous as the 1930s and that the USSR must prepare itself for the possibility of war. He made clear that the Kremlin is not prepared to accept a U.S. strategic-defense program of any kind, and plugged his own grandiose scheme for eliminating nuclear weapons by the year 2000 as an alternative route to security.

In just one year in office, Gorbachev has made the most sweeping changes in the Kremlin's hierarchy in half a century, firing or retiring dozens of top leaders in a display of strength that has left no doubt about who is in charge. No man since Stalin has wielded such power, and it is Stalin who increasingly seems to be the model for Gorbachev's style of rule (absent the violent purges—at least so far). The thrust of Gorbachev's economic "reforms" seems to be tighter discipline in the workplace, tighter controls on corruption and abuses by Party cadres, and massive investments in heavy industry—all vintage Stalin. Gorbachev has revived Stalin's "Stakhanovite" movement, which rewards workers for yeoman efforts, extra output, and longer hours. But he has not yet done anything serious by way of introducing real incentives or a market-based pricing system into the Soviet economy.

While the man deserves some credit for ridding the cumbersome Soviet bureaucracy of dead wood, the men who have replaced the gerontocrats are in most cases their trusted lieutenants, only a few years younger. In short, Gorbachev is tightening loose gears, oiling rough spots, and tuning up the Soviet machine to do what it does best: accumulate power.

Olof Palme, RIP

OLOF PALME's death was a brutal outrage. His life was reprehensible.

Palme began his public career in his mid-thirties as a hack in the state-controlled national students' organization. From there he passed to the prime minister's staff, then to parliament.

His first cabinet post was minister of communications. He censored movies for violence (sex was okay), and appeared—clothed—in *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. As minister of education, he pushed for Marxism in Swedish curricula. "I don't see anything special about Florence, or Paris, or Rome. I feel more at home in Prague and Warsaw and Sofia; they're just as important. The Renaissance, so-called? Western culture? What does it mean to us?"

But it was in international politics that Palme truly came into his evil own. In 1968, he marched in an anti-American demonstration with Hanoi's ambassador to Stockholm. Four years later, as prime minister, he compared the "Christmas bombings" to Treblinka and Lidice. He greatly admired Fidel Castro. Thrown out of office for a spell in the late Seventies, he busied himself, with such soulmates as Egon Bahr and Georgi Arbatov, in proposing European nuclear-free zones. Of course he opposed Pershing II deployment.

All of this took place in the context of Swedish Social Democracy, the most relentless engine of social control short of totalitarianism in the Western world.

Hugh Kenner once wrote, of Swift's Houyhnhnms, that they looked like horses and talked like Bertrand Russell. Palme was the north half of a Houyhnhnm heading south. He has been conspicuously mourned by William Sloane Coffin and Anthony Lewis. He will now no doubt enjoy the comradeship of Krishna Menon.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill,

Here are the immortal pictures. I changed your portrait inasmuch as I put light reflections in your eyes (which are not in the photo). The colors are *strong*, your face is "ruddy." The clouds have not come out. You look rather arrogant, but this is what the *public* thinks about you. (Rivarol: "*Le public, le public! Combien de sots faut-il pour faire un public?*")

ONE GREAT REQUEST: a plug for my lectures in the fall. Most colleges and universities start very early making programs!!!!

Archduchess Walburga (daughter of Otto and a very clever girl) is laughing herself to death reading your *Right Reason*. (So did I!)

Our love to Pat.

Yours ever gratefully,
Erik [von Kuehnelt-Leddihn]
Lans, Tyrol, Austria

Memo to: All U.S. Audiences
From: WFB
Re: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Our senior European correspondent will undertake his annual lecture tour of the United States beginning approximately October 1. He has been doing this since the war, and has entertained, instructed, and provoked more audiences than Barnum & Bailey. He will speak on almost any subject (his knowledge of electronics is limited), in almost any language (his Latvian is rusty). Give yourselves the pleasure of an unforgettable morning, afternoon, evening. . . . Write to him, at A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

☐ Dear Bill:

I have yours of December 10, but I am afraid that what I have to say will satisfy no one. I have con-

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Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"I'm sorry, but due to the recession, some of you will be issued with redundancy notices on the basis of first in, first out."

tended for years that what is written about audio equipment is plain and unsalted bullshit. I go back to the days when friends spent small fortunes on custom-made components that would project the notes above the treble staff so that they would tickle your testicles. (Most of them were more interested in their equipment than in music.) They would plump me down in their living rooms and, true, you could hear the horsehair as it moved across the catgut. But this was not what you heard in the concert hall or, indeed, if Joseph Szigeti was in the room.

Neil Levenson, in the manuscript you sent, mentions the Fischer recordings. (What about those wonderful HMV Schnabels?) But he loses me when he enthuses over the triode tube. The triode tube will never come back. Neither will the Model-A Ford. The transistor then and the CD laser beam now have taken care of that. What concerns us now is his discussion of contemporary components and its $E=mc^2$ analysis. It is meaningless to me as it is to most record collectors.

Consider this. You buy the most "perfect" equipment—as recommended by the audio magazines—and spend days locating it to the best advantage in your living room. Then the cleaning woman comes in and moves your speakers a couple of inches. You've lost it all. You can no longer hear the stomach rumblings of the oboe player. And even if everything is riveted down, how many recordings can match the perfection of your equipment? Damn few. Until ESP replaces recordings, we will have approximations.

How many angels can dance on the point of a stylus? This is important to the audio cultists but not to the *homme moyen sensuel* who buys records and equipment to listen to the music. If his equipment misses the inner voices of, say, *Harold in Italy*, then he will replace it. But he will not mortgage the family farm or take a course in acoustical engineering to do so. By its very nature, playback equipment cannot catch the "presence" of the concert hall. The ear fills in the gaps. Ask Jacques Barzun. How can a microphone catch the resonant splendors of a Berlioz *Requiem*, a Mahler symphony, or the cannon of the *1812 Overture*?

I don't know if this is any help to you. I tell friends that unless they are interested in sound measurement they should not spend more than $1,000 for an audio system. Neil Levenson is interested in the virtues of this or that overpriced piece of equipment. I doubt that one in a thousand of *NR*'s readers shares his passion. If I have missed the point, let me know.

As always,
Ralph [de Toledano]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ralph: You never miss the point. Many thanks,
Bill

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STEVEN G. ROTHMEIER
PRESIDENT AND
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Gentlemen:
Following is my new home address:
Steven G. Rothmeier
Schloss Rothmeier
P.O. Box 11901
St. Paul, Minn. 55111
My new telephone number is unlisted.

Sincerely,
Steven G. Rothmeier

Dear Mr. Rothmeier: Thanks ever so much. You can always reach us at Schloss National Review, until after hours, when calls should be directed to the White House, whose number is listed. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:
This past week my copy of *NR* and *Sports Illustrated*'s celebrated "swimsuit issue" arrived simultaneously in my mail box.

To my surprise, I found that I read *NR* cover to cover before examining the *SI*.

Does this signal that my espousal of conservatism is now complete?

Sincerely,
Bill Howell
Clarksburg, W.Va.

Dear Mr. Howell: In part, yes. But it signals that your espousal of other things is less than complete. Many thanks. Yours cordially, **—WFB**

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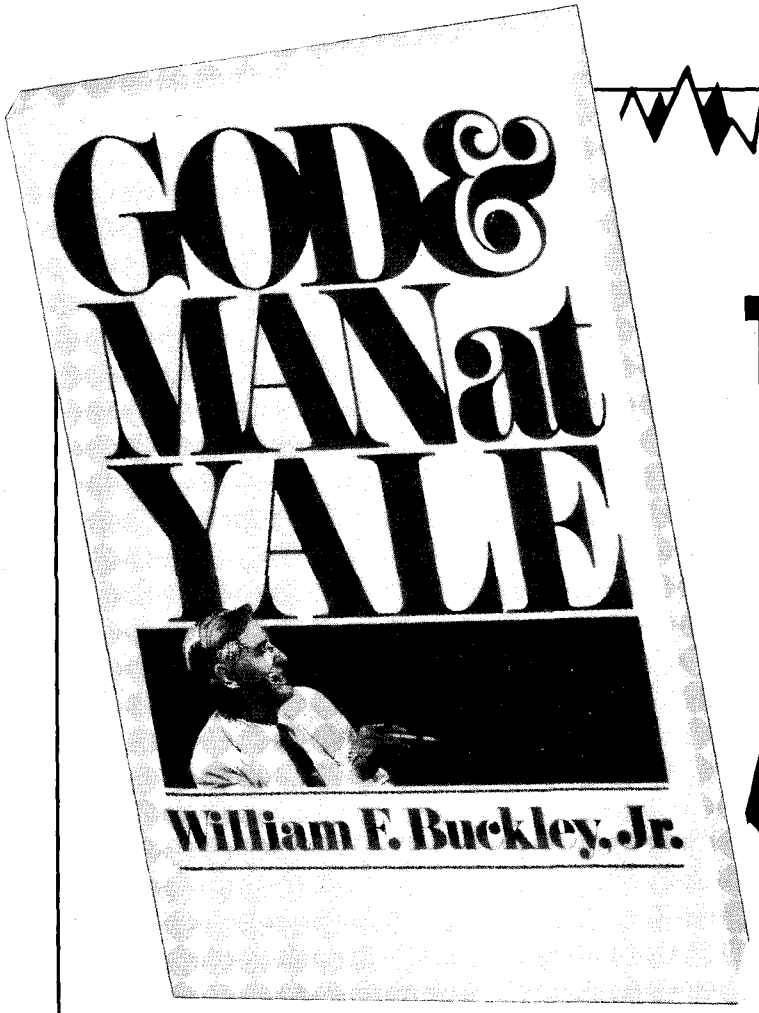

HERE'S THE BOOK THAT STARTED IT ALL!

Things have never been the same since William F. Buckley Jr.'s *God and Man at Yale* first hit the bookstands. The effect was electrifying. It became an almost overnight best-seller and vaulted its young author into national prominence. Few books have aroused such a *hostile* reaction from the liberal media—while at the same time gaining the "culprit" so many loyal fans.

Now this extraordinary book (a conservative classic) is once again available in a handsome new edition, complete and unabridged—plus a brilliant new introduction (almost a small book in itself) that updates the whole story and makes this edition even more valuable than the original.

As John Chamberlain noted at the time: "Mr. Buckley's chief sin, as this book will make plain to the discerning, is to hold certain truths to be self-evident: that the free economy is better for both the individual and the group than the 'planned' or the controlled economy; that man has a definite nature, which includes intimations of a moral and religious character . . ." Powerful stuff for the dominant liberal establishment in 1951, when the book was published—powerful stuff for America today!

God and Man at Yale is, in fact, a conservative milestone. Now, while they last, you can get your own personal copy with this special offer. Just extend your present subscription to *National Review* for another year (no matter when it expires), or enter a new subscription, at the regular yearly rate of $34, and you get the book FREE and POSTPAID! Don't miss this special offer. Fill out the card facing this page and send it to us today.

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WHAT'S NEW WITH NEOS

IN THE LATE Seventies and early Eighties a number of liberal intellectuals, disillusioned with big government, branched off from liberal orthodoxy. But they branched in two directions—neoconservative and neoliberal. Neoconservatives, of course, are the ones who repudiated Great Society welfarism at home and post-Vietnam impotence abroad. With roots chiefly in New York City, the neoconservative movement was built by Irving Kristol, Norman Podhoretz, and Midge Decter. Others in the neocon front ranks today include Jeane Kirkpatrick (foreign policy), William Bennett (education), Richard Perle (arms control), Michael Novak (religion), James Q. Wilson (crime), and Charles Murray (welfare) —all of them either holding office in the Reagan Administration or influencing it from academia. Neoconservatism exalts economic growth, the market economy, traditional family values, and an assertive, nationalistic foreign policy. Neoconservatives today are assessing whether President Reagan's performance in office has fallen short of their standards and expectations.

Neoliberals also believe that economic growth is the key to prosperity, but the similarity to neoconservatism stops there. Whereas neocons favor less government, decentralization, and the market discipline, neolibs favor more centralized economic planning (rhetoric notwithstanding), government funding for high-tech R&D, and retraining displaced workers. The founding father of neoliberalism was Charlie Peters, editor of *The Washington Monthly* and neoliberalism's standard-bearer, who argued that although a strong central government is a positive and beneficial force for the people, it can't afford to stifle those wealth-creating energies that pay for the welfare state (hence neoliberalism's emphasis on economic growth). Neolibs also like to talk about a muscular foreign policy—rhetoric refuted by their palpable isolationism.

Neoconservatives initially gained attention through their detailed technical criticism of the Great Society. Their supply-side prescriptions for the economy were generally implemented, ensuing battles largely won, and energies then rechanneled into foreign policy, notably the Reagan Doctrine, which holds that the U.S. should support indigenous forces fighting Communism around the globe. Neocon hard-liners like Podhoretz have criticized Ronald Reagan; "a crippled hawk" is how he described the President and his empty bravura rhetoric during last summer's TWA hijacking in Beirut. So, too, Jeane Kirkpatrick, having returned to academia, is a kind of shadow secretary of state through her lectures and columns, critiquing the Administration's foreign policy. Neoconservatism, says Owen Harries, an editor of the newly launched *National Interest* magazine, contributes "conceptual shape and operational validity to conservative instincts."

On Capitol Hill, "the distinction between neoconservatives and conservatives is beginning to break down," says a GOP congressional aide. "Both groups have a strong commitment to changing the national debate." The unification of paleo- and neoconservatives can be seen by looking at, say, Ed Meese and Brad Reynolds at Justice, or Pat Buchanan and Linda Chavez (before she left) at the White House. "The real conservative split," says neocon Education Secretary Bennett, "is between those who would merely like to streamline the Federal Government and us outside-the-Beltway types who want to radically downscale it." Examples of the former include George Bush, Jim Baker, George Shultz, and mainline Senate Republicans such as Bob Dole and Pete Domenici.

Neoliberal doctrine is less defined. "Neoliberalism has become a part of the conventional wisdom," asserts Jim Fallows, Washington editor of *The Atlantic* and himself a neolib. "As a result, it may have lost its edge, its contour." Neoliberalism's impact on public debate, while it has been forceful and efficacious, has nevertheless not translated into prominence for neoliberals, nor for the Democratic Party, nor for neoliberalism itself. One Democratic Washington political consultant even denies its reality, claiming, "Neoliberalism is nothing more than a buzzword for moving to the center."

Senator Gary Hart tested some neoliberal ideas during his ill-fated presidential campaign. Other emerging Democratic leaders have inserted neoliberal ideas into their agendas. New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley advocates growth-promoting tax reform, and Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt favors means tests for Social Security and Medicare.

NOTWITHSTANDING its handful of new ideas, there seems precious little to distinguish neo- from paleoliberals, their voting records being virtually identical. More importantly, neoliberals no longer admit to being such: Telephone calls placed to more than twenty offices of Capitol Hill types who had previously described themselves as "neoliberals" yielded nary a one who would do so now. Patently, neoliberalism is fading away, a *mystique* unable to find a *politique*.

"Neoliberals are trapped," declares Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.). "They don't believe the Soviet Union is really dangerous. They don't really trust the free-enterprise system. They are constitutionally unable to do so." Gingrich's harsh criticism reflects the widely held belief here that neoliberalism has not developed, and cannot develop, an identity of its own; that it won't convince the average American that liberalism has anything to offer, and so won't be able to rescue it. It's neoconservatism that is the wave of the future. □

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AN ORDERED WORLD?

THE ORDERLY escape of "Baby Doc" Duvalier from his people's wrath prompts idealistic thoughts about the desirability of a well-ordered world, and realistic ones about its unlikelihood. The trouble with the former (idealism) is that unless it is tempered by the latter (realism), it usually makes matters worse than they need have been.

"Papa Doc" plundered and terrorized his half of the island of Hispaniola. "Baby Doc" and his physically attractive wife continued with the plundering but had less stomach for the terrorizing. That tends to be the way with second-generation tyrants (*vide* the Somozas of Nicaragua). Enduring power through terror is best achieved through an all-powerful, tentacular party with a legitimizing ideology (ask Gorbachev).

Idealism says: "Wouldn't it be nice if . . . ?" Realism retorts: "Yes, but what comes next?" There wasn't much point in overthrowing Idi Amin in Uganda only to turn that benighted country back over to the likes of Milton Obote; or in taking advantage of Kwame Nkrumah's temporary absence in China, almost exactly twenty years ago, to overthrow him and deliver the once flourishing British colony of the Gold Coast (Ghana) to a succession of short-lived regimes that completed its ruin.

There was much less than no point at all in forcing Fulgencio Batista out of Cuba to enable the talkative Fidel Castro to march unopposed into Havana and set up an export-minded tyranny that has since caused trouble in places as far afield as Mozambique and as close as El Salvador. The Somoza dynasty was tyrannical. But while the Somozas were around, Nicaragua wasn't a focus for subversion throughout Central America. Similarly, the reign of the Ngo Dinh family in Vietnam was less than perfect, the Lon Nol period in Cambodia no brilliant success. But at least they were marked by no mass exodus of boat people, and no genocide.

In the Philippines, now that President Marcos has been driven into exile, it will be instructive to see whether the gentle, devout, but inexperienced President Corazon Aquino will not only live up to her first name but have the stature to handle an explosive situation, and especially to deal with the potentially horrific challenge of the Communist New People's Army. A good sign was her immediate decision to reappoint her predecessor's defense minister, Juan Ponce Enrile. On the other hand, press reports that Mrs. Aquino made a deal with the Communists during the election campaign have not, to my knowledge, been convincingly denied.

There are really only two kinds of political overthrow that make sense, and only one that suits the interests of Western democracies and meets their moral imperatives. To overthrow one Communist ruler and replace him with another (as in Afghanistan, Grenada, South Yemen) makes perfect sense from the standpoint of Moscow in its bid for world hegemony. To overthrow a Communist tyranny and install a democracy (as in Grenada) makes sense for the West.

President Reagan's great speech in the Palace of Westminster on June 8, 1982, called for a campaign to promote democratic institutions in Communist countries in the light of the crisis of the Soviet system. This became known as the "Reagan Doctrine." A two-day follow-up conference, organized by the State Department and held in Washington over the weekend of October 16 and 17 of that year, tried to define the parameters of the doctrine. The then new Secretary of State, George Shultz, said the United States would not seek to foment violent unrest in Communist countries but considered it a responsibility, "both moral and strategic," to meet the call for help from those seeking to bring about change.

This was fine, as far as it went. Unfortunately, the new Secretary of State had apparently gone too far for the susceptibilities of his permanent officials. There followed a protracted State Department campaign to prevent the Administration from fulfilling the Reagan Doctrine in all the places that mattered: Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia (Kampuchea), Mozambique.

Congress did its bit to delay or obstruct the President's program, but then suddenly rallied, in the mysterious way of elected chambers, and started voting approval for the various plans to assist anti-Communist freedom-fighters. The recent visit to Washington of the outstanding Angolan resistance leader, Jonas Savimbi, would have been politically impossible not long before it actually took place.

Preventive Therapies

SO, WHERE does that leave us? Can the world's leading democracy implement the only sensible foreign policy designed to ensure its own survival? The need to aid freedom-fighters on a massive scale ought to be self-evident. What worries me is not only the thought that many officials who ought to know better don't, or don't want to. It is, also, Western unwillingness to ask that question: What comes next? And to forestall the advent of totalitarian regimes against which freedom-fighters must struggle.

Do we really have to wait until Communists take over, and until the anguish of the oppressed manifests itself in a resistance movement, before acting? Can we not devise preventive therapies before it is too late? Can we not prevent the relentless process whereby, in the name of democracy, imperfect regimes are allowed to make way for absolute tyrannies? □

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WHITE WELFARE, FAMILIES, 'WHITE TRASH'

CHARLES MURRAY

HOW MANY dozens of articles, Op-Ed columns, cover stories, talk shows, and features on the six o'clock news have by now used Bill Moyers's documentary on the vanishing black family as their justification? It is as if censorship had been lifted. Overnight, it has become intellectually chic to say what George Gilder said unfashionably early, eight years ago, in a book called *Visible Man*: When large numbers of males in a community stop functioning as providers for wives and children, the community collapses no matter what kind of help is given from outside.

The attention is also producing a great deal of distortion, because the spotlight has been trained on blacks. Some try to deny that blacks have a special problem (see box, p. 32). These attempts remain unconvincing. But explanations of the special problems facing blacks nearly all begin with the assumption that blacks are different from everyone else —whether because of racism (as the apologists argue from one side) or because of inherent traits (as the racists argue from the other). So we end up talking about *black* families, *black* values, *black* leadership, and *black* solutions.

The focus on blacks cripples progress. A black woman visited me a few days ago, head of the welfare department of a major state for seven years, with 25 years of experience at every level of the system. She has thought through her experience. She has much to contribute. But she feels —rightly—that the issue of illegitimacy and welfare is so intimately bound up with race that for her to speak out would give aid and comfort to people who do not wish blacks well, and would alienate her from the community she needs to work with. She and I found ourselves in broad agreement about the nature of the problem, with no way to join openly in a search for solutions.

So it seems to me that at this moment in the dialogue about the underclass, there is no more salutary activity for whites than to inquire into the nature of *white* illegitimacy, illegitimacy being perhaps the best symbol for the social and family problems of the poor who stay poor. Whites will find it educational; blacks may be forgiven for finding it sourly amusing. The inquiry must begin, however, with a near void of published analyses. Analyses of illegitimacy by race have been around for years. Oddly, though, numbers breaking down illegitimacy by socioeconomic class have not been published for more than a decade (and then only in an obscure government study). Recently I have been trying to remedy this situation. The following is a nontechnical discussion of what I have found. Two conclusions stand out. One is that there does seem to be a white underclass, and the illegitimacy problem among whites is concentrated there, not in white society as a whole. The second point is that the factors that explain illegitimacy rates as of 1980 could not have been operating in the same way in 1960. During the interim, something fundamental changed in the way that poverty and lack of education interact with illegitimacy. Until we figure out what that "something" was, we will keep guessing at solutions.

In lieu of footnotes, let me assure readers who have technical questions that the findings I summarize here are extremely basic. There is no way to recast the data or procedures to attenuate them, nor is there reason to think that the results would be much different if the data were based on individuals instead of communities.

The data I will be using come from the state of Ohio, which published uniquely detailed racial breakdowns of illegitimate birth statistics (by cities, suburbs, towns, and rural areas of individual counties) for 1980. These can be combined with equally detailed socioeconomic data from the 1980 census. I will be using Ohio out of necessity, but it would be hard to find a better state for our purposes. With 10.8 million persons, Ohio is the sixth largest state in population. Ohio has the same split between urban and rural as the nation as a whole (73 per cent urban in Ohio, 74 per cent nationwide) and nearly the same proportion of blacks (10 per cent in Ohio versus 12 per cent nationwide). It contains the nation's 11th and 22nd largest metropolitan statistical areas (Cleveland and Cincinnati), plus Columbus, Toledo, Akron, Youngstown, and Dayton. It is a major agricultural state, with rich farmers and Appalachia-like pockets of rural poverty. For the indicators I use in the analysis, the data from Ohio match fairly closely with the nationwide figures (see chart, facing page).

While it cannot be proved that what is true for Ohio would be true for a national sample, it is difficult to think of reasons why it should be markedly different.

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In Ohio and in the nation as a whole, one out of every nine *white* babies born in 1980 was born to a single woman. Who is having these babies? There are two unsystematic explanations abroad.

One is the Farrah Fawcett Hypothesis, which argues that the increase in illegitimacy is a phenomenon that cuts across socioeconomic classes. Movie stars like Farrah Fawcett and Jessica Lange have children without husbands, and no one minds. It is socially acceptable in a way that it wasn't thirty years ago, ergo more illegitimate births. Everybody's doing it. The other is the White Trash Hypothesis, which has been around for as long as parents have lectured children, and which says that illegitimacy is essentially a lower-class phenomenon. The children of good families don't get pregnant, and if they do get pregnant they get married or, these days, have an abortion.

We cannot measure from census data whether someone is from a "good family" or "white trash." We can, however, measure poverty and level of education in a community and thereby ask whether a link exists between illegitimacy and socioeconomic class. Judging from the Ohio data, the link is so regular and powerful that it undermines the mysteriousness with which the media tend to imbue the problem of illegitimacy.

I am considering family structure, not morality. Perhaps affluent communities in Ohio have as much promiscuity and divorce as anyone (I did not investigate that question), but they do not have much problem with single-parent families, and they generally have a negligible problem with illegitimacy. Take for example Shaker Heights, a suburb of Cleveland and a nationally known synonym for the affluent suburb, where the median income of white families was more than $30,000. Whatever the media image of rich kids living with their divorced moms may be, the reality is that 89 per cent of all Shaker Heights white children under the age of 18 lived in a household with two parents, one of the highest proportions in the state. For families with young children (under six years old), the figures were even more impressive: 95 per cent were headed by married couples. When it came to the act of starting a family, the married couple was virtually the only option: In 1980, 99 per cent of Shaker Heights's 230 births to white women were to married women. I do not mean to hold up the whites of Shaker Heights as models of familial virtue. But it is hard to square the figures in Shaker Heights with the Farrah Fawcett Hypothesis or with any other broadside about the decay of the American family. The fundamental rule, "Children shall grow up with two parents," was observed with remarkable fidelity.

	WHITES		BLACKS	
	Ohio	U.S.	Ohio	U.S.
Percentage in poverty, 1979	8.4	9.0	28.0	31.0
Percentage with 4 years of college, 1980 (of people 25 years or older)	14.4	17.1	9.4	8.4
Illegitimacy rate, 1980 (per 100 live births)	11.0	11.0	56.8	55.2

Sources: *For birth data, State of Ohio Department of Health,* Report of Vital Statistics for Ohio 1980. *For social and economic data, U.S. Bureau of the Census, 1980 Census of Population, Volume I, Chapter C,* General Social and Economic Characteristics, *part 37 (Ohio). Ohio figures are calculated from the database for the analysis and may differ from statewide totals.*

Contrast the whites of Shaker Heights with the whites of Portsmouth, an economically depressed Ohio River town. Whereas the average white family in Shaker Heights made more than $30,000, the average white family in Portsmouth made only $14,700. Whereas more than half of the white adults in Shaker Heights had a college education, fewer than one in ten in Portsmouth did. Now, compare the illegitimacy rates among whites. For Shaker Heights, 1 per cent of all live births. For Portsmouth, 25 per cent of all live births.

Let me put those figures in perspective. In Portsmouth, Ohio, as of 1980, white people had a higher illegitimacy rate than the illegitimacy rate among blacks in the early 1960s that prompted Pat Moynihan to write his famous report on the disintegration of the Negro family. Meanwhile, the white illegitimacy rate in Shaker Heights in decadent 1980 remained lower than the national white illegitimacy rate in the innocent days of pre-Pearl Harbor 1940. Yes, there is a white illegitimacy problem in Ohio. No, it does not suffuse the population. It strikes quite selectively.

There is the Farrah Fawcett Hypothesis, which argues that the increase in illegitimacy is a phenomenon that cuts across socioeconomic classes

The example of Shaker Heights and Portsmouth represents the pattern throughout the state. Statisticians have a useful way to express the regularity of such patterns. It is called "explaining the variance," which means simply that one can calculate the percentage of the variance (the variation in illegitimacy rates among different towns and cities, in this case) that is accounted for by the hypothesized "causes" being considered (I am focusing on variation in poverty and education). If they explain 100 per cent of the variance, then I can "predict" the illegitimacy rate in every town in Ohio just by using the poverty and education information. If they explain none of the variance, I might as well guess at random.

In this instance, two factors alone—the percentage of the population in poverty and the percentage of the adult population with four or more years of college—explain 54 per cent of the variance in the 222 towns of 5,000 or more population. When we examine the 50 towns of 25,000 or more population, the relationship becomes even stronger, explaining fully two-thirds (67 per cent) of the variance in illegitimacy rates. These figures are high. Social scientists have been known to buy drinks for the house when they can explain half that much variance.

Just as important as the degree of association (the correlation) is the size of the "push" associated with poverty. It was almost one to one: For each increase of one percentage point in the poverty level, one could expect to find an increase of more than eight-tenths of a percentage point

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in the illegitimacy rate. For education, a percentage-point increase in the proportion of adults with four years of college was associated with a reduction of about three-tenths of a percentage point in the illegitimacy rate.

I will add briefly that the size of a town's population did not in itself explain as much as one might expect. For towns and cities larger than 25,000, differences in population size were no longer statistically significant once education and poverty were taken into account. Rural areas tell another story that deserves a full discussion of its own.

The same factors that explain white illegitimacy explain black illegitimacy, except for the starting point. Blacks and whites have very different baseline levels of illegitimacy but follow very similar rules in departing from them. In towns of 25,000 or larger, where 90 per cent of Ohio's black population lives (sample sizes were too small to conduct analyses for smaller towns), the link between the socioeconomic status of a community and the illegitimacy rate was even stronger for blacks than for whites. That is to say, poor, ill-educated blacks had lots of illegitimate children; non-poor, well-educated blacks had far fewer. The same measures of poverty and education that explain 67 per cent of the variance in white illegitimacy explain 79 per cent of the variance in black illegitimacy.

There were some intriguing differences, however. While the association of poverty with illegitimacy was about the same for blacks and whites, low levels of education had a much stronger relationship to illegitimacy among blacks. Furthermore, illegitimacy rates were especially high in all-black or nearly all-black communities (a ghetto effect?); adding a third measure, "blacks as a percentage of the community's population," to education and poverty added another significant chunk to the accuracy with which illegitimacy could be explained—up from 79 to 87 per cent of the variance. Let me again emphasize how remarkable such numbers are. I cannot think of another social indicator usually thought to be as complex as black urban out-of-wedlock births that turns out to be so easily explained (statistically, that is).

After we have taken these explanatory elements into account, what is the remaining difference between the black and white illegitimacy rates? One way to answer that is by imagining a black Shaker Heights, in which only 3 per cent of blacks are below the poverty line and 56 per cent of black adults have college degrees. In that hypothetical city, the predicted illegitimacy rate for blacks would be about five percentage points below zero. The minus result should keep anyone from taking such extrapolations too seriously, but it does point up an important implication of these data that I hope will be elaborated by other researchers and shouted from the rooftops: Don't confuse the black middle class with the black underclass; don't confuse a class phenomenon with a racial phenomenon.

This is not to say that the Ohio data can be used to

A Primer on Illegitimate Birth Statistics

THE STATISTICS enumerating illegitimate births are intrinsically confusing and have been made more so by the emotional debate over them. Here are some basic terms, trends, and games to watch out for. The source for the numbers is the National Center for Health Statistics.

Illegitimacy rate, meaning births to unmarried women as a proportion of all live births, is what people usually have in mind when they speak of the "illegitimacy problem." The term for this in the technical literature is illegitimacy *ratio*. **Current figures:** For whites, 12.8 per cent; for blacks, 58.2 per cent. **Trends:** The illegitimacy rates for both races have been increasing for a long time—slowly in the 1950s, a bit faster in the early 1960s, and then suddenly much faster. To give a sense of how the problem "took off" during the mid-1960s: Among blacks, the illegitimacy rate took 25 years to increase ten percentage points, from 17 per cent of live births in 1940 to 27 per cent in 1965. It took only five years to increase the next ten percentage points, and another four years to increase still another ten. Among whites, as recently as 1963 the rate (currently 13 per cent) was under 3 per cent. **Games to beware:** "Actually, white illegitimacy has been increasing much faster than black illegitimacy." Yes, it has, as a proportion of the baseline. For example, the white rate has quadrupled since 1963, while the black rate has increased only two and a half times. Using the same semantics, if my car accelerates from 1 mph to 4 mph and yours from 40 mph to 100 mph, my speed has increased "much faster" than yours.

Birth rate is the number of births per thousand people in some specified group ("fertility" rate is a special case of a birth rate, which always is limited to women of childbearing age). **Current figures:** In 1983, the illegitimate birth rate per thousand population was 1.9 for whites, 12.1 for blacks. The illegitimate fertility rate (per thousand unmarried women ages 15 to 44) was 19.3 for whites, 77.7 for blacks. **Trends:** This indicator is especially sensitive to manipulation. In 1960, the illegitimate birth rate was 0.5 per thousand for whites and 6.9 per thousand for blacks, while the fertility rate for unmarried women was 9.2 for whites and 98.3 for blacks. In other words, the illegitimate *birth rate per thousand population*, like the illegitimacy rate, increased for both races, but the *fertility rate* for black unmarried women dropped. **Games to beware:** "Actually, the problem of black unmarried births is diminishing, since the proportion of unmarried black women having babies has been dropping." The fertility rate cannot be interpreted over time unless you assume that the population of unmarried women is remaining roughly comparable (just as you cannot interpret SAT scores over time without assuming that the population of test-takers is remaining roughly comparable). But from 1960 to 1983, the proportion of black women ages 15 to 44 who were married plunged from 66 per cent to 39 per cent, about 2.3 times the white decrease and an extraordinary demographic change. In this game, one alarming trend for blacks (a dramatic reduction in marriage) is used to mask another alarming trend (an increase in illegitimate birth rate for the population as a whole). —CM

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deny the existence of a racial difference. My Shaker Heights exercise notwithstanding, substantial black-white differences in Ohio illegitimacy rates persist even after taking education and poverty into account. But we have barely started asking the right question. When illegitimacy is so intertwined with socioeconomic class, it is absurd to use the black-white difference as the benchmark for discussion.

What is causing what? When we focus on whites, it is clear that the Farrah Fawcett Hypothesis is misleading. It is one thing to say that everyone has been affected by the sexual revolution; quite another to think that this everywhere translates into the same effects on family structure. In 1980, whites not just in Shaker Heights but throughout affluent suburbs of Ohio were still showing illegitimacy rates in the region of 2 and 3 per cent. To put it another way, if everyone behaved like the white, college-educated middle class, there would be no illegitimacy problem worth worrying about.

We may also sidestep the debate about illegitimacy as a cause of poverty. It is true that single women with children are especially likely to become poor (if they weren't already) and to stay poor. But we are analyzing data based on women who were already poor when the baby was born. Ohio's illegitimate births in 1980 did not cause Ohio's poverty statistics in 1979.

We are left with what might seem to be a straightforward inference: If poverty and education are closely related to illegitimacy, and if illegitimacy is not a cause, then poverty and low education must be the cause and illegitimacy must be the effect. The prescription seems obvious: Let us redouble our efforts to educate people and to bring them out of poverty and thereby lower the illegitimacy rate.

But this instinctive conclusion is illogical, and therein lies a troubling implication of the Ohio experience. If poverty (meaning lack of money) and low education (meaning lack of exposure to formal education) always caused illegitimacy *in the same way* that they apparently did in 1980, then illegitimacy should have been going down during the last two hundred years of American history as poverty declined and the number of Americans with formal education rose. The decline in illegitimacy should have been most precipitous in the last half of the 1960s, when instead the rise was most precipitous. To demonstrate that poverty and lack of education are powerfully and consistently related to illegitimacy as of 1980 is not to explain anything, but to pose a conundrum.

A huge change has taken place in the *way* that poverty and low education affect illegitimacy. It is likely that poverty and low education have always been correlated with illegitimacy, in 1960 as in 1980. But if we could duplicate the 1980 analyses with 1960 data, the direct "push" that an increment in poverty (or low education) would give to 1960 illegitimacy *must* be much smaller than in 1980, approaching zero. The mathematics of the situation permit no other conclusion: When the mean illegitimacy rate is 2 per cent and the mean poverty rate is 18 per cent (the white figures for 1960), there's no way that a percentage-point increase in poverty is going to be associated with anything like an eight-tenths-of-a-percentage-point increase in illegitimacy (as was true in 1980).

If poverty and poor education have not in themselves always caused illegitimacy as they do now, then something else associated with them as of 1980 must be the culprit. One possibility is that the Farrah Fawcett Hypothesis applies mainly to poor people: The changing sexual mores of the society as a whole lead to babies mainly for poor people, perhaps because they don't use contraceptives and don't think ahead as well as middle-class people. But that explanation (which may have some truth to it) only raises another question. A baby is a terrible burden if you have no husband and no money, so terrible that you don't *have* to think very far ahead to avoid having one. Are so many poor people really so stupid? In thinking about the answer to that question, the old White Trash Hypothesis fits uncomfortably well. Let me recast it in more polite language.

The American poor have always been divided into two groups: the people who cope and the people who don't or can't. Some poor people work hard, support their families, educate their children, and somehow get along even when times are bad. Their children generally do better financially than their parents. Other poor people are chronically unemployed, unable to care for their children or oversee their development and perpetually in need of someone to rescue them from disaster. Possibly the only observers who have ever doubted the reality of this distinction have been modern social scientists.

Presumably some people are congenitally unable to cope and others are as congenitally incapable of not coping. Most of us could go either way

The relative sizes of the two populations are not fixed. There are presumably some people who are congenitally unable to cope and others who are as congenitally incapable of not coping. But most of us (and I use the inclusive "us" deliberately) could go either way depending on how we are raised and the environment around us. It is especially true in our youths that we could go either way depending on the influences around us during that time when our values are still plastic and the time horizon of our plans is likely to be measured in days, not years or a lifetime. A middle-class youth who tips the wrong way becomes somewhat less successful than he otherwise would have been. A poor youth who tips the wrong way can easily end up in the underclass. One of the few plausible ways to explain what happened in Ohio between 1960 and 1980 is that something tipped larger and larger proportions of poor youths the wrong way. We manufactured large numbers of people who behave in the same ways as the people our grandparents called trash.

Does this characterization mesh with reality? The systematic research that has been done on the white underclass is sparse. My own unsystematic experience in talking with caseworkers is that the stories you hear in a Midwestern town are much like those you would hear in a black inner city. This was forced on my attention at Christmas during a visit to my home town of Newton, a nearly all-white town of 15,000 in central Iowa. I was riding around town with Kathy Thompson, a caseworker from the Jasper County Human Services office, as she talked about the families

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she served. There was the single woman who had been having a baby every two years, on purpose—"She told me she thinks two years is about the right spacing." There was the man who got furious at his girlfriend for losing a baby, because "there went the chance of getting benefits for at least another ten months," and the women who triumphantly showed up at the Human Services office with a new baby when their eligibility for Aid to Families with Dependent Children had been about to expire. There were tales about the difficulties of getting the clients to become independent of the system ("Some of them work, but they make sure they don't make too much"), or to work at all ("The thought of going to register for a job scares her to death"). Passing by Newton's public-housing project, a three-story affair across the street from a farm: "Here's the place you go to get reported for child abuse." And threaded through the conversation, with Kathy as with her fellow caseworkers in other conversations, was a consciousness of the dilemma that caseworkers everywhere struggle with (much more consciously than either liberal supporters of the welfare system want to admit or conservative critics want to give them credit for): How to do good without also doing harm?

There was the single woman who had been having a baby every two years, on purpose—'She told me she thinks two years is about the right spacing'

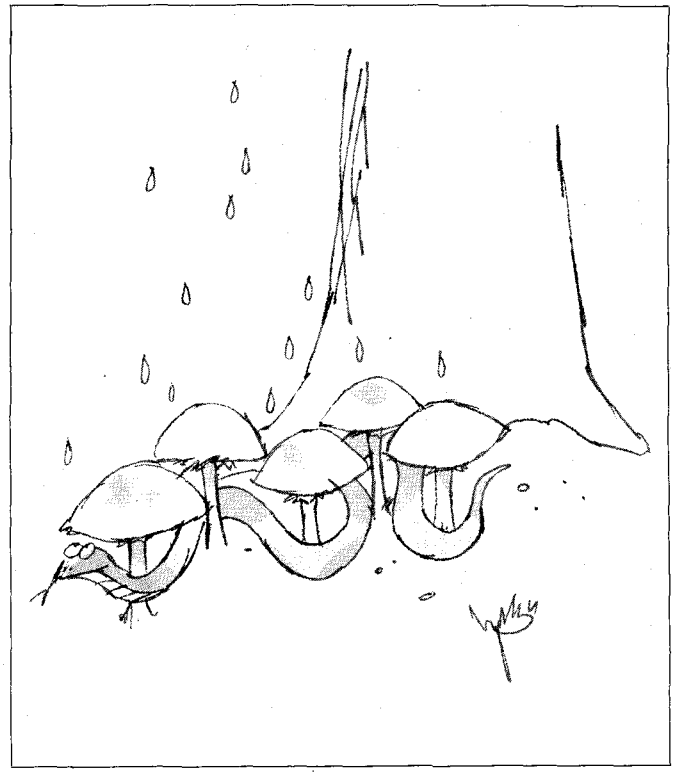
At some point during that car ride I realized that all I had to do was close my eyes and shut out the image of my Christmas-bedecked, Middle American home town, and I could pretend that I was listening to a caseworker from Harlem or South Chicago. The stories were the same, only now I was hearing them about white Americans of solid Anglo-Saxon or Dutch or German stock, living in the very heart of the fabled heartland.

Such experiences and other scattered reports lead me to suggest that white researchers begin taking a hard look at the proposition that there is a white underclass that looks very much like the black underclass. It by no means includes everyone in poverty or everyone on welfare. But a large part of the white welfare caseload on any given day, in many towns the majority, consists of long-term recipients. The women are not widows or women who are constrained to stay home but would otherwise be working. The men who live with them are not otherwise competent men who have hit a rough patch. The caseload consists in large part of people who have reached adulthood (or late adolescence) without learning to cope; in some cases, of people who have chosen not to cope. An underclass.

Let me also suggest that the litany of excuses that deflect straight thinking about what's going on with blacks in the inner city apply less often to the white underclass. It is no use saying that there are no jobs, because often jobs can be found. It is no use saying that the jobs have gone to the suburbs; where many of the white underclass live, there are no suburbs. It is no use saying that the jobs are too complex; often they consist of simple and not very strenuous labor. It is no use saying that employers prefer white applicants; this underclass is white. It is no use saying that the people are trapped in a destructive social milieu; often the underclass will be a minority scattered around town, living on blocks where most of their neighbors are coping.

In *Losing Ground*, which at times used black Americans as reasonable statistical representatives for the American poor, I argued that the Great Society welfare programs, in combination with other changes in social policy on crime and education in the 1960s, had contributed to the growth of the black underclass. The counterarguments to this thesis were largely what I have called the "excuses," most of which are phenomena or conditions associated to a far greater degree with blacks than with whites. The Ohio experience, however, strongly suggests that the 1960s and '70s also saw a large increase in the white underclass (illegitimacy being one of the most important components of and symbols for lower-class behavior). For white unmarried teenagers who have babies and for white males who fail to provide for their children, the excuses cannot be the explanation. Too many white communities with few of the purported "causes" of such behavior are watching the behavior occur anyway. Bit by bit, the evidence accumulates that the growth in the underclass is largely the direct, not so mysterious result of bad social policy.

With fewer excuses, perhaps there can be straighter thinking. How important is it that the next generation of children of poor white people grow into productive, independent adults? What constitutes doing good for poor white teenagers who are at risk of becoming pregnant? What combinations of sticks and carrots will get white people to respond? It is conceivable that if whites stop asking, "What is fair to black people?" and start asking, "What will work for white people?" we will begin to come up with better solutions for everybody. □



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IS ISRAEL GOOD FOR AMERICA?

SOME WEEKS AGO in these pages Joseph Sobran threw down the gauntlet: "I would like to hear arguments for the strategic advantages to the U.S. of close alliance with Israel from someone other than the partisans of Israel itself." I am, I confess, a partisan. But anyone convinced of the strategic benefits of closeness to Israel is bound to become a partisan of Israel's. Logically, however, the strength of the case is not dependent on the identity or predisposition of the advocate.

Israel traditionally has been a liberal cause. American Jews, always the core though never the entirety of pro-Israel sentiment in this country, have long been aligned in their majority on the liberal side of the spectrum. Gentile enthusiasts for Israel have often been those attracted to its powerful labor movement and socialistic experiments.

Yet President Reagan, the first President to bear the clear imprimatur of the modern conservative movement, has proved, no doubt in part influenced by NATIONAL REVIEW's own position on Israel over the years, to be the best friend Israel has ever had in the White House and has brought the United States and Israel closer than ever before. This closeness, ironically, is the fruit of an affinity between the world view of this conservative President and the perspective of the Jewish state founded by socialist visionaries.

That affinity is rooted in the nature of the global conflict. It is a conflict not only between the world's two preeminent military powers—the United States and the Soviet Union—but also between two contradictory visions of man's future—the democratic and the Communist—of which they are the models. The geostrategic and the ideological aspects of the conflict cannot be disentangled. Wherever Communism has triumphed it has done so by force of arms, but its victories of arms are almost always first prepared by ideological struggle—political and intellectual maneuvers designed to sap the unity and morale of its targets, or to cut them off from sources of support. Conversely, every military victory of Communism reinforces its mystique of inexorability, thereby strengthening its ideological arsenal even in a world that has grown skeptical of its promise of an earthly paradise.

To hold our own in this contest the United States needs to be able to fight in both realms. If we allow our military forces to atrophy, as we were prone to do during the 1970s, nothing else we do will rescue us. But we also need the ability to do battle in the political realm, to counter the Soviet claim to represent either a just or an inevitable future.

In both the military and the political realm we need allies. Our alliances, however, will always be unequal. No country in the world can protect itself against the Soviet Union without our help, and, conversely, in an all-out war with the Soviet Union, no other country's forces could be of much help to us. This circumstance, and the potency of our nuclear weapons, might argue for a policy of genuine isolationism.

Their Season of Mischief

BUT THE isolationist option comes up short on several counts, quite apart from any altruistic ones. The alternative to accepting the burden of helping others protect themselves is, as the libertarian theorist Earl Ravenal once candidly acknowledged, "to let our adversaries have their season of mischief in the world." Unfortunately, that season would be unlikely to end until we were indeed isolated. The United States would become a tense, claustrophobic place in a world where our vision of man's future had been defeated and the Communist vision apparently vindicated. Such a momentous challenge to the rightness of our way of life would weaken our social fabric and leave us open to subversion. True, we have our nuclear deterrent to defend us. But, were the Soviet Union able to bring to bear against us the preponderance of the world's human and material resources, it would surely find ways to circumvent, overwhelm, or render obsolete our defenses, however formidable those seem today.

No Better Defense

THERE IS, in short, no safer alternative to basing our own defense on a policy of alliances. The importance of these alliances is less for the event of all-out war than to help us avert all-out war by deterring regional adventurism by the Soviets and maintaining a global balance of power.

Of course, alliances entail costs. Not only do we ordinarily have to take on the lion's share of the burden of mutual defense, we also must bear some of the onus of our allies' quarrels. Israel is one ally that brings with it more than its share of enemies. Why make all those Arabs angry at us by allying ourselves with Israel?

The answer is that it is far from clear that our relationship with Israel diminishes our influence in the Arab world. Part of that world would despise us anyway for being modern, democratic, capitalistic, and non-Moslem. Other parts of it have grown closer to us precisely because of the influence we have with Israel and because Israel has demonstrated the advantages of a Western orientation. The further answer is that, whatever its liabilities, Israel also brings with it more assets than most of our other allies. It is a boon to us in both the military

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and the political realm, and its location makes its value all the greater.

The Middle East would be an important focus for U.S. strategy even were there no Arab-Israeli conflict. It possesses the bulk of the world's exportable petroleum, and the Kremlin knows that if it gained control of this resource it could bring Europe and Japan to their knees. Israel lies within reach of the oilfields of the Middle East on one side and NATO's vulnerable southern flank and the Soviets' Mediterranean sea lanes on the other.

Israel has made itself available as a site for U.S. bases, which no other country between Morocco and Oman has been willing to do, not even such Western-allied Arab states as Egypt, Jordan, or Saudi Arabia. Israel provides port facilities at Haifa for the U.S. Navy and top-flight medical facilities for U.S. casualties of any regional hostilities. Israel has recently agreed to provide facilities for a new Voice of America transmitter, whose proximity to the Soviet Union will make Soviet jamming more difficult; similar facilities for Radio Liberty/Radio Free Europe may follow.

Israel's armed forces are the strongest in the Middle East. However much the Arab states may refuse to come to terms with Israel diplomatically, they all must come to terms with it in their strategic planning. Its military weight provides irreplaceable ballast in an otherwise unstable region. In 1970 Israel mobilized, at the behest of the United States, to stave off a Syrian invasion of Jordan in support of a PLO insurrection against King Hussein. Timely action and warnings from Israeli intelligence thwarted an attempt in the 1960s by Egypt's Nasser to overthrow the government of Saudi Arabia, and later an attempt by Qaddafi to have President Sadat assassinated. Even more important than the sum of such individual incidents is the inhibition against military adventurism that is provided merely by the presence of Israeli military power in an area that is otherwise rife with blood feuds, revolutionary passions, and imperial ambitions. If there were no Israel, the independence, and in some cases even the existence, of each one of the region's small, moderate states would stand in greater jeopardy than it does today.

The fall of the Shah of Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan aroused American worries about the insuffi-

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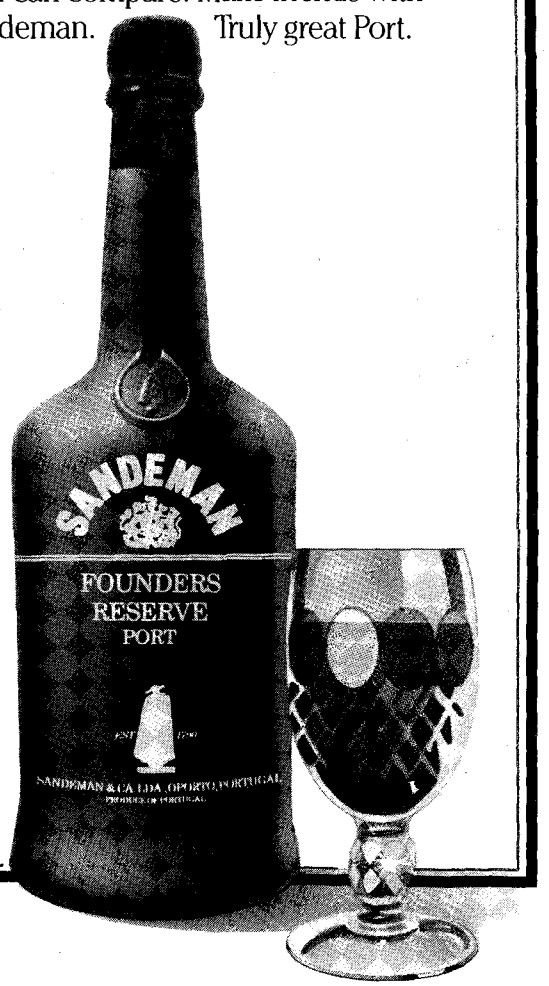

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But today even the happy family isn't the same. Today the family has become a barometer of the social, psychological and sexual upheaval that's shaking up our nation.

From every family everywhere comes the same question: what's going on here anyway?

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You'll find our family section is about the new meaning of family. The married family. The unmarried family. The divorced family. The remarried, remolded, rebrothered and resistered family.

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Wed.

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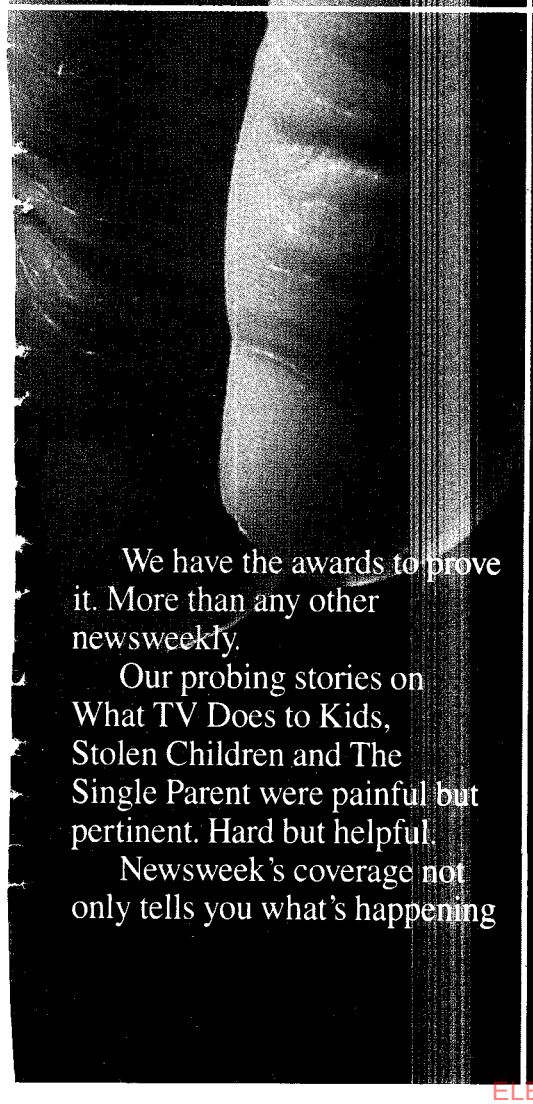

Sat.

We have the awards to prove it. More than any other newsweekly.

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To your child's education. To having a child. Or not. To growing up gay. To getting off drugs. To getting on with your life. To living too long.

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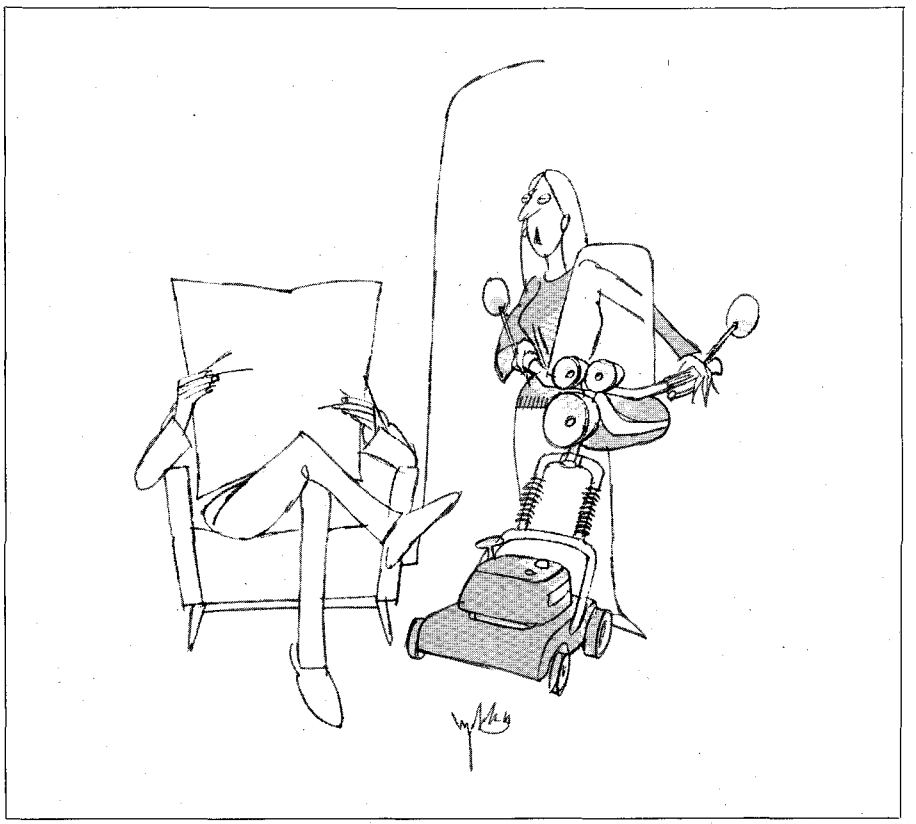
ciency of U.S. forces available for the difficult tasks that might be required to defend Western oil supplies. Military planners turned to the idea of "pre-positioning" fuel and equipment in the area as one inexpensive, efficient way to improve our ability to deploy substantial forces there quickly. Unlike Israel, many other U.S. allies in the area have refused us the use of their territory for this purpose, and even those that have agreed to cooperate lack major advantages that Israel has to offer. One of those advantages is political stability. The United States lost precious military and intelligence-gathering equipment when the Shah fell. His ouster was not foreseen by U.S. intelligence until the crisis there had grown sufficiently acute that withdrawal of U.S. assets would have constituted a fatal psychological blow. A similar scenario is all too easy to imagine in any one of the other Middle Eastern countries except Israel, whose deeply rooted democratic system faces no threat from within. Nor is there any danger that an Israeli government would balk at giving us its cooperation in a crisis. The same can be said for no other government in the region, as the Arab League's recent defense of Qaddafi against U.S. economic sanctions so eloquently attests.

In addition, in any other Middle Eastern country it might be necessary to station U.S. forces, primarily aircraft, to defend the pre-positioned equipment against being destroyed or captured in the early moments of a conflict. This would to some extent vitiate the entire purpose of the plan, which is to minimize the need for permanent forward deployment. In Israel, by contrast, American equipment would enjoy the protection of Israel's own formidable defense umbrella.



"Happy birthday. I couldn't afford a motorbike . . ."

Israel Rules the Waves

ISRAEL'S AIR and naval forces are the strongest in the eastern Mediterranean. It has nearly as many military aircraft as Turkey and Greece combined, and although its navy is smaller than either of theirs, its ships, like its planes, are more modern, and its personnel is more experienced and better trained. Needless to say, Israel is far from eager to take on the Soviet Union, but in any situation that found American and Israeli forces engaged against those of the Soviet Union and any of its allies, the Israeli air force, according to a U.S. Navy study, has the capacity to clear the Mediterranean rapidly of Soviet surface ships. If NATO's southern forces were engaged against the Eastern bloc, Israel similarly would be able to provide important air and naval support. If American forces had to fight in the Persian Gulf, Israel could secure large segments of the critical air and sea lanes on which we would rely.

Israel's intelligence service is among the world's best. It apparently was the source that provided the United States with the text of Khrushchev's historic secret speech to the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. It also, according to reports, furnished some of the information that allowed the unmasking of Kim Philby. In 1966 an Israeli secret operation secured for the West its first Soviet MiG-21. And from 1967 onward, in each round of Middle East warfare Israel has reaped a bounty of Soviet weaponry that it has shared unstintingly with the United States.

Israel has also gathered and shared unparalleled knowledge of the battlefield performance of American weapons, as well as of Soviet weapons and tactics. Based on this experience, American military leaders have identified gaps in our own arsenal (leading, for example, to the development of the F-16) and flaws in our weapons. Israeli military technicians have also come up with improvements in a number of American-manufactured weapons, which we have then copied, and they have pioneered the development of certain kinds of weapons, the value of which we had not recognized until the Israelis demonstrated it. A cardinal example was the remote-piloted vehicles, or "drones," used so effectively in 1982 to defeat Soviet anti-aircraft missiles in the hands of the Syrians.

But though Israel must rate as one of our more valuable allies in a strictly military sense, its still greater value is political. At the end of World War II, in which victory was achieved only at the cost of an alliance with Communism, the democracies showed no capacity to resist Stalin's aggressions until he had built himself an empire. Later, we fought in Korea until we had restored the status quo ante, and in Vietnam until we wearied. Since then, the United States has responded to foreign challenges with the greatest timidity. The same, and more, may be said about our European allies.

The underlying question is whether democracy is doomed by its own virtues. Free men succeed so well at se-

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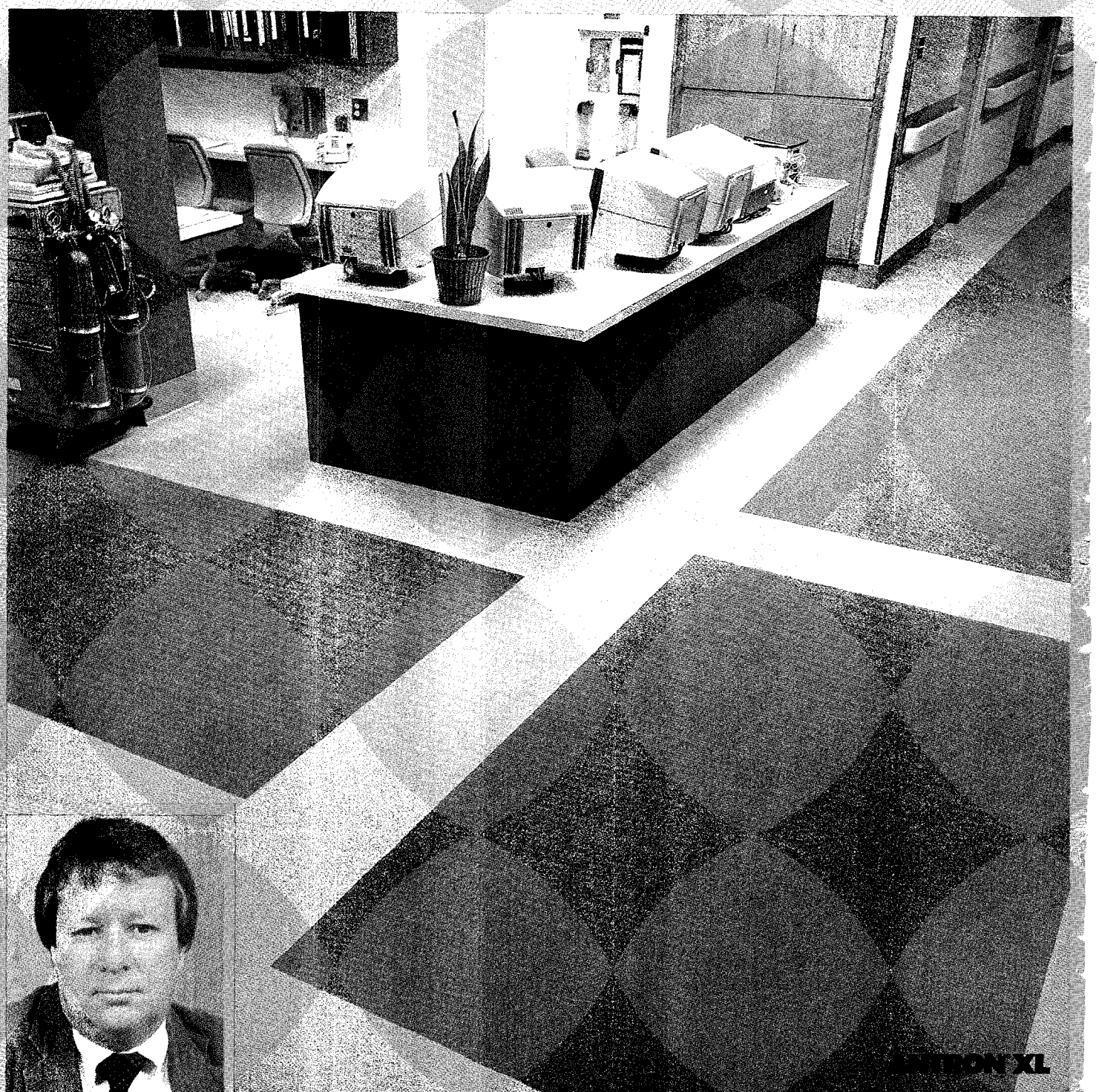

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Larry Carlson, Director of Purchasing
Sequoia District Hospital, Redwood City, CA

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curing their own material and spiritual sustenance that they resist being diverted from the satisfactions of their private lives for the unrewarding tasks of self-defense. And their taste for criticizing things as they are—the engine of democracy's unparalleled capacity for self-improvement—can also breed the attitude, as Jean-François Revel has warned, "that their civilization is merely an accumulation of failures" and is not worth defending.

Breaking the String

THE ONE country in this period that has demonstrated that democracies can still fight, and fight successfully, even against powerful, Soviet-allied foes, has been Israel. Indeed, Israel has taken on not just Soviet allies, but sometimes Soviet personnel as well, who have flown airplanes or manned anti-aircraft batteries on behalf of their Arab clients. The sense shared in both East and West of an inexorable shift of the "correlation of forces" in favor of the Soviets would be far stronger and further advanced today were it not for the victories of Israeli arms in 1967, 1973, and 1982. Without them, the West's record over the past three decades would be an almost unbroken string of defeats.

Israel's victories have not only demonstrated the superiority of American-made arms, they have also shown the superiority of its own fighting men. Their elan derives in part from their intense sense of nationalism and their well-justified belief that they cannot afford to lose. But it derives also from certain traits that the United States and other Western nations have in common with Israel. We have been often reminded of the military advantages of totalitarian or other dictatorial regimes. Now Israel has reminded us of the other side of the coin. Free men raised in a society that cherishes individual initiative can bring to their soldiering qualities of dedication and ingenuity that the conscripts of dictators cannot match.

Israel's success offers lessons not only to us, but also to its neighbors. However much they may resent Israel, observant Arab leaders and thinkers are bound to be struck by Israel's military prowess as well as by its accomplishments in industrial, agricultural, and social development. Some of them, at least, will recognize the relation between these successes and Israel's Western political and economic institutions and the Western modes of thought of its populace. While the Moslem world is caught up in a tide of fundamentalist archaism, Israel's example provides a useful reminder of the benefits of modernity.

Israel is among the best of our allies at recognizing its own stake in the global balance between us and the Soviets. All too often our NATO allies act as if they believe that our global role should be limited to protecting them. Mrs. Thatcher denounced our liberation of Grenada as well as our threats against Libya. Virtually none of our NATO partners would join even in economic sanctions against Qaddafi's regime. The French and others send aid to Nicaragua's Sandinistas. Israel, on the other hand, has supported our policies. There are even persistent rumors (naturally enough denied by all official sources) that Israel has been a source of aid to groups of anti-Communist rebels fighting in Nicaragua and elsewhere.

At the UN, Israel votes together with the United States more often than any other member, according to records compiled by the U.S. mission. A significant number of UN votes, of course, have to do directly with Israel. But even if all Middle East issues are excluded, Israel voted with the United States 90 per cent of the time last year. England, West Germany, and France, our next most reliable supporters, voted with us respectively 87, 84, and 83 per cent of the time. The figures for earlier years are similar.

Israel is greatly dependent on our support, but it is far from being a weak country. On the contrary, Israel, perhaps more than any other country, possesses in combination these three chief desiderata of a first-rate ally: power to act effectively in behalf of shared interests; willingness to stand with us even in controversial situations; and a political system built on the democratic principles that America champions.

In an address to the National Defense Research Institute of Taiwan twenty-odd years ago William F. Buckley Jr. recalled Eugene Lyons's comment in 1956 that Budapest would liberate the United States, and then added that perhaps instead Taiwan would perform that mission. He was expressing the hope that some spunky nation might inspire us, and show us how, to stand up to Communism. In truth, no one can liberate us but ourselves. Yet of all our allies, the one that has contributed most to that liberation by way of example and inspiration has been Israel. To cast it aside would not only greatly endanger Israel, but would also do incalculable spiritual and material damage to our own cause. □

Literate Limericks

A businesslike, careful Sicilian
Drenched half of New York in vermilion.
"I hate to compete
With the scum of the street,"
Said he with a simper reptilian.

A pair of recidivist Cockneys
Bought dozens of Warhols and Hockneys
Which they painted all over
With dahlias and clover
Till all the art critics had knockneys.

A surly old Scot from the Grampians
Fed chiefly on thistles and rampions.
He chewed upon heather
And pelican's feather,
And called it the Breakfast of Champions.

—MILES DAVID MOORE

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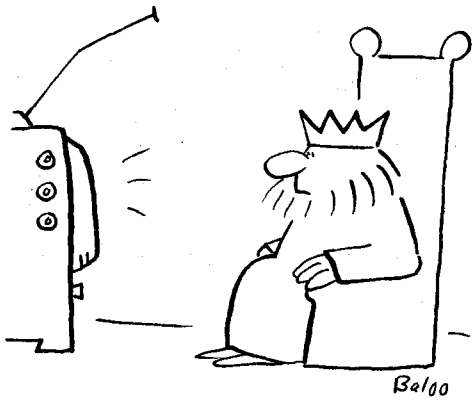
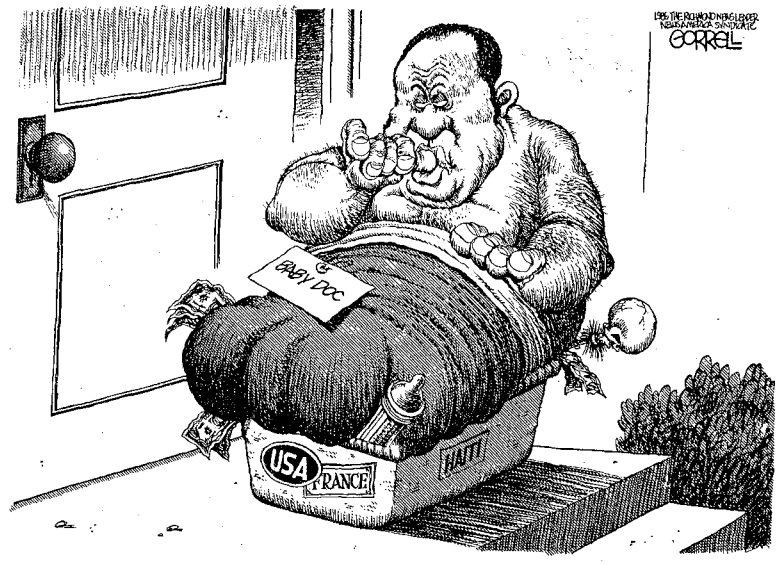
help !!!!



"In other news, a ferocious dragon was apprehended today by an off-duty knight."



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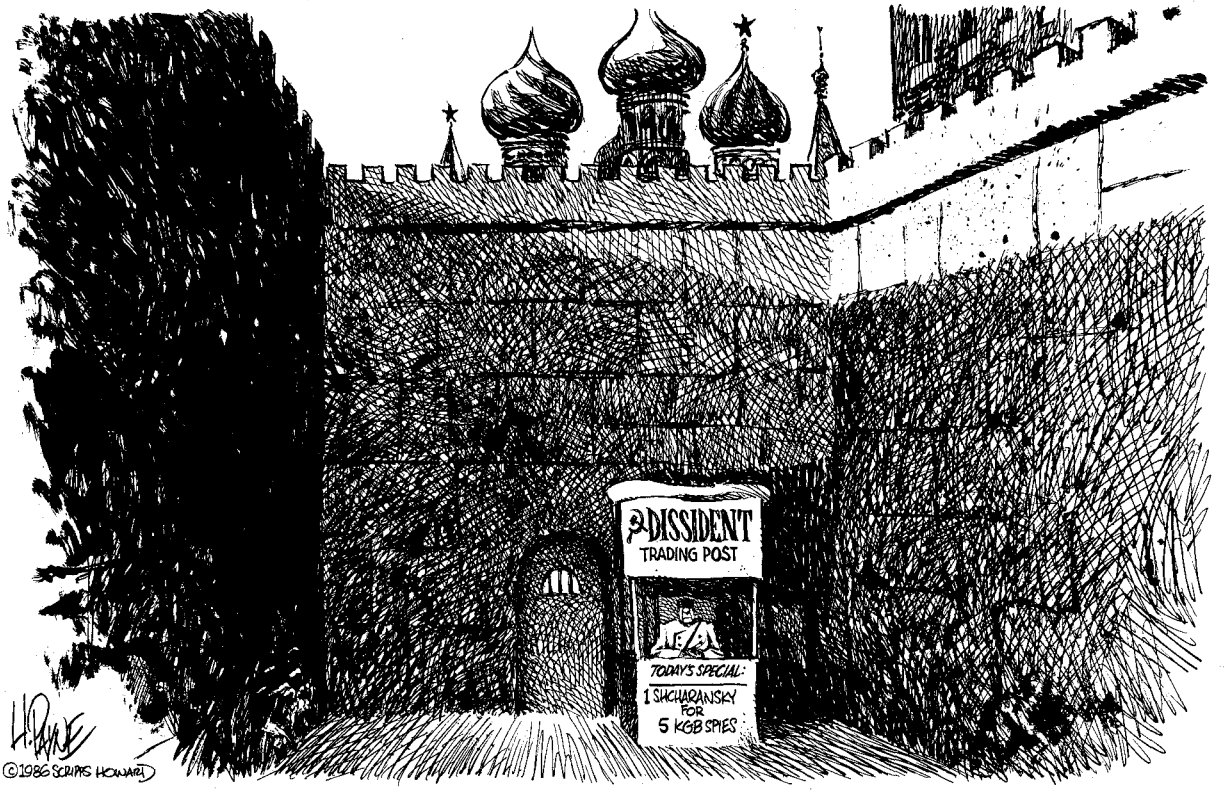
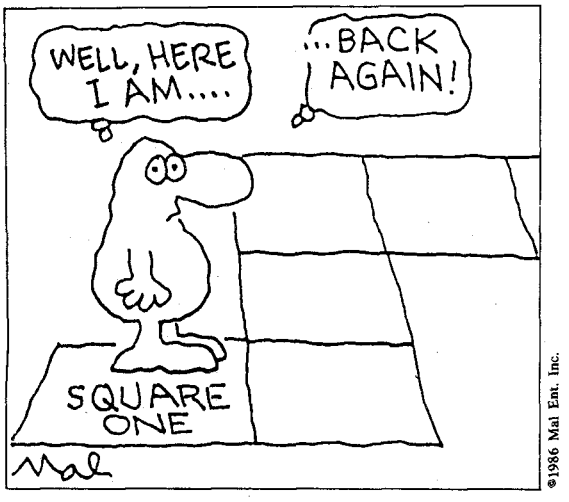


Coordination Worries

The day we ordered Dewey in
  And Gridley opened fire,
The wash was up again by noon
  As Hearst got out a flier.
It was a splendid little war,
  But some of our elite
Say duplicating it today
  Would show we're all left feet.

W. H. von Dreele



And once again, our Strongman of the Year is . . .

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BASKET CASE OF THE CARIBBEAN

AMID PHYSICAL VIOLENCE, the banning of foreign observers, the beating of Dr. Cheddi Jagan, and expected allegations of fraud, Guyana has now elected Desmond Hoyte to succeed President Forbes Burnham, whose long rule over the country ended in August. Burnham, known to his friends as Odo, died during throat surgery performed by Cuban doctors. Hoyte, a 56-year-old lawyer, had been his vice president. The continuation of Burnham's PNC (People's National Congress) party in power will maintain Guyana as—in Jeane Kirkpatrick's recent description—one of the most densely packed Soviet forward bases in the world. It more than compensates the Soviets for the loss of Grenada.

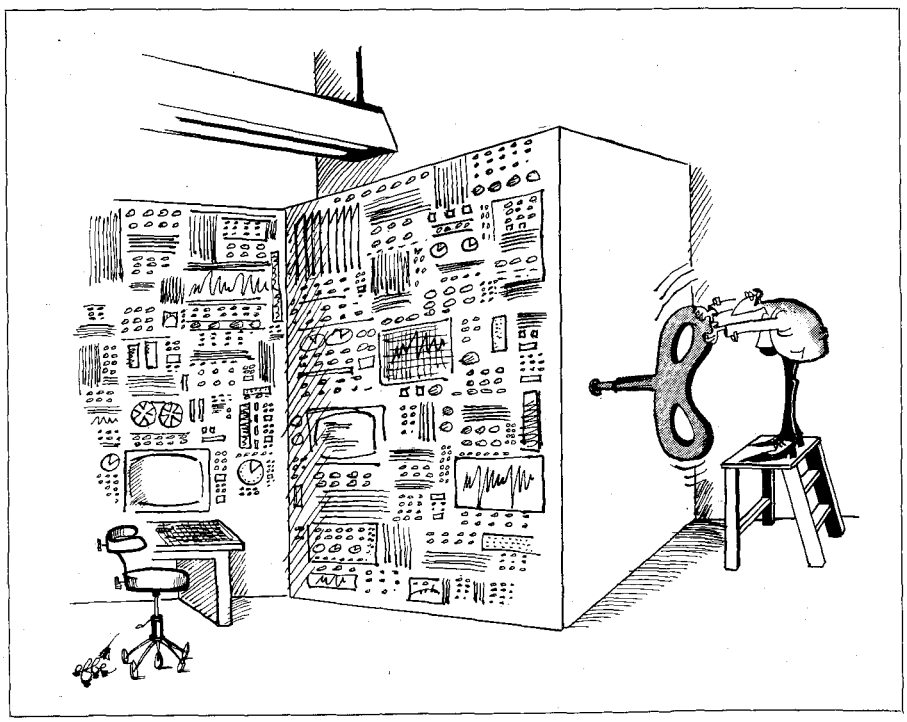
A beautiful, bankrupt country, Guyana more closely resembles an impoverished African sub-state than its sophisticated neighbors Venezuela and Brazil. Today a beggar state, desperately in debt to the International Monetary Fund, Guyana is the poorest country in the Caribbean, with a per-capita income below Haiti's. Hemorrhaging currency, this "suitcase economy" considers even the importation of toilet paper a drain on foreign-currency reserves, while a packet of Kleenex costs upward of U.S.$10 on the black market.

Guyana's population is a little more than half a million, of whom East Indians are in a small majority (take a look at their cricket teams). But unlike Trinidad's Eric Williams, Burnham did not seem proud of those endless varieties of racial mix that we see in several southern Caribbean countries, and which endow them with some of the loveliest women in the world; he always ostentatiously favored the African element, though he himself looked Carib. Nor did the Guyanese radicalism he championed go along with that sociological conservatism which makes some West Indians look like the last Englishmen.

Cuba is well aware of the possibilities for trouble-making in this diverse region. The Caribbean desk in Havana is considered of the greatest importance, being at present under a high-ranking DGI (Directorio General de Inteligencia) agent and former ambassador to Guyana, where the Cuban mission occupies half a block.

Guyana is divided down the middle by the Essequibo River. From its backlands, including the celebrated Jim Jones area (for a while Burnham encouraged what he thought to be radical communes), come the best bauxite in the world and some of the finest lumber. My house in Grenada is built of Guyanese purple-heart wood floated downriver to the capital, Georgetown, in rafts. Divers pull out gold and diamonds from the rivers; I know at least one emigrating Guyanese who brought out all his wealth in such river diamonds, which are not susceptible to electronic screening at airports. Today no Guyanese is allowed a cent of foreign currency in his or her possession, and the pockets of emigrating nationals are searched at Timehri International. Despite crackdowns on the anarchic Rastafarians, and despite killings and beatings in the prisons (which appear to be run by the prisoners), Guyana has the highest crime rate in the world. Airline pilots sometimes decline to leave their craft overnight. There has been the telltale managerial exodus.

So Burnham's Guyana became Haitianized. Not only does its economy now subsist on barter agreements, river gold, and clandestine gun and drug running, but the country lacks any consistent schooling at all. Students work in the fields and are graded by their political loyalties. By the end of Burnham's life Guyana had become the customary "floating orchestra" of Communism, initiating agreements with



©frans de boer

Mr. Wagner, based in Grenada, has just returned from a visit to Guyana.

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North Korea, China, Bulgaria, and of course Cuba. It has now constructed 12 major air bases of the eight-thousand-foot category, with all-weather hardtops and control towers, microwave navigational aids, fuel storage, hangars, and barracks. Apart from these it offers no fewer than 45 intermediate-length air strips of six thousand feet or more (to the questioning uninitiated, these are presented as wide roads). The runway requirement of a MiG-23 is less than three thousand feet, with only the Tu-20 Bear reconnaissance bomber requiring more than seven thousand. Nor can it be said, as was said of Grenada's Point Salines, that this concatenation of bases, with barracks and camouflage, is for tourism. Guyana has none.

Burnham founded his PNC in 1955, became mayor of Georgetown shortly thereafter, then premier in 1964, after strikes brought down his predecessor. During his tenure he nationalized his country's wealth, in particular the Canadian-owned bauxite mines and the British sugar estates of Booker McConnell. The venality of his voting procedures became notorious, with ballot boxes found floating on the river and ghosts voting from all over. None of that seemed to have changed in the first post-Burnham election.

Further, Burnham kept his press muzzled by libel actions decided by his own judiciary; shortly before he died, the *Catholic Standard*, edited by the liberal Father Andrew Morrison, felt the force of this ploy. Another trick was government rationing of newsprint. Burnham built up a considerable army and, for his civilian bully boys, employed the Cleveland fugitive from justice David Hill (Rabbi Washington), whose House of Israel thugs beat up opponents, allegedly stabbing the much-liked Father Bernard Darke to death in 1979.

Grenada's Maurice Bishop was forever trying to take a posture that would impress the Soviets; yet they remained unimpressed, and referred to his revolution as a *coup d'état*, or *gosudarstvennyi povorot*, sending minor figures like Tikhonov or Ponomarev to meet him, whereas Daniel Ortega and Burnham both rated Andropov, after Brezhnev's death. At the end, Burnham told the Caracas *El Nacional*, "I have always maintained that I am a socialist in the sense that I accept Marx's tactical argument."

Referring to himself as a "military man," Burnham never went near a battlefield, despite the medals that hung practically down to his ankles. He was interested in power, with rum a close second, and, unlike Bishop, he hung on to power, which is what the Soviet Union requires in the first instance of its client states. And, after all, it was not so very difficult. Burnham controlled his own Leninist PNC, with, for most of the time, his only serious opposition being the U.S.-educated dentist Cheddi Jagan, who heads the Stalinist PPP (People's Progressive Party). Rounding out the political picture were Eusi Kwayana and his WPA (Working People's Alliance), also Marxist-Leninist. It was a situation in which Moscow could scarcely lose and in the odious Odo's life did not do so.

After the recent elections, one wonders whether enough is left for Guyana to become a consensual democracy again. Is the country redeemable, if not by an internal military coup (cf. Surinam), then by intervention from Venezuela, which has ongoing territorial suits against it (to say nothing of an excellent air force)?

Since the death of Burnham and the accession of Hoyte as president, the human-rights record in Guyana has been totally miserable, with further curtailments of civil liberties, and a leading Catholic priest expelled. Quite frankly, Guyana is much further from civilization than even Grenada had become. The general impression I got was that Hoyte might be more moderate in the future, but that his prime minister, Hamilton Green, a black Muslim racist, commanded far more power in the PNC and was responsible for the large trade agreements with the Soviet Union that Guyana has just entered into. Cheddi Jagan is circulating around the area looking for assistance, so that another South Yemen-like intra-Marxist civil war is not an impossibility.

The lesson of Burnham's interregnum is simply this: The Cuban card he played has two faces. On one side, it offers total power; on the other, economic destitution. It remains to be seen whether the new regime in Guyana will really be a new one and offer a viable economic alternative to the sinking Cuban model, or whether it will continue in Burnham's mold to cement itself further into the Soviet empire, to the detriment of its already pitiable people. □

Chiquita Havana

(Sung to the tune of "Chiquita Banana")

I'm Anthony Lewis and I say
Revolutions must ripen in a certain way.
Those who look to Washington,
They must quickly be undone,
But if they're backed up by Havana,
They must have the whole banana.
Revolutions like the climate of the very, very tropical equator,
So you should never, never put one in the refrigerator.

The Council of Churches and the PhDs
Say for our atomic bombs we've got to have the freeze.
But there must be no confusions
Between bombs and revolutions.
Revolutions, when you heat 'em,
It's impossible to beat 'em.
Revolutions like the climate of the very, very tropical equator,
So you should never, never put one in the refrigerator.
No, no, no, no!

WARD ELLIOTT

(Reprinted from The Warbler, *organ of the Pumpkin Paper Irregulars)*

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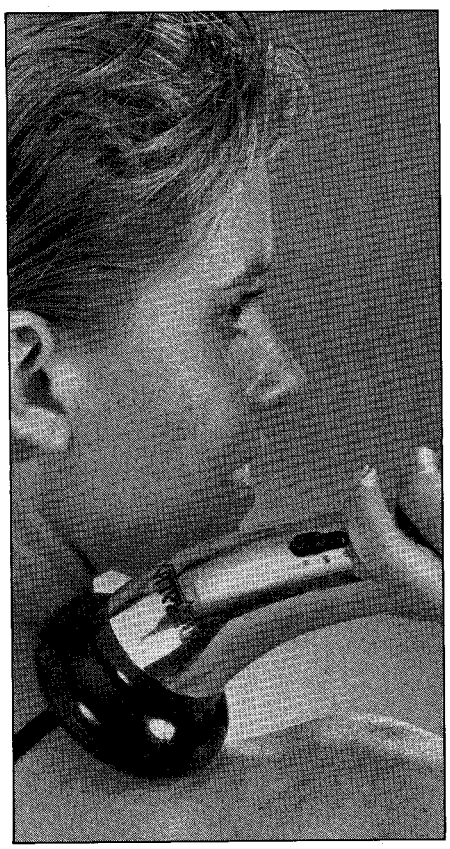

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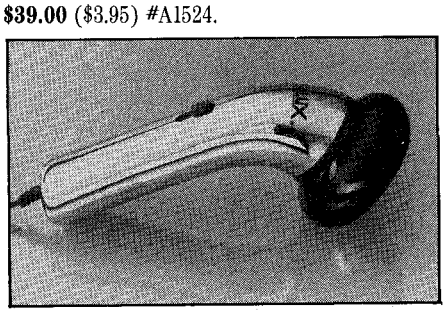
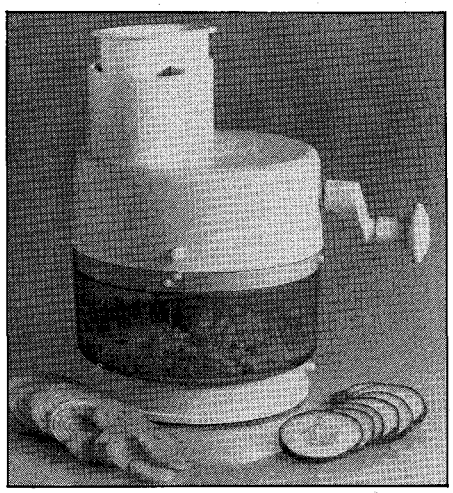
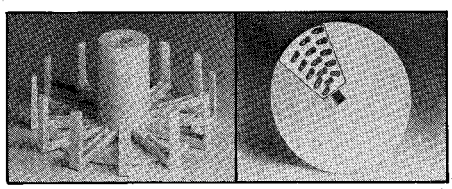
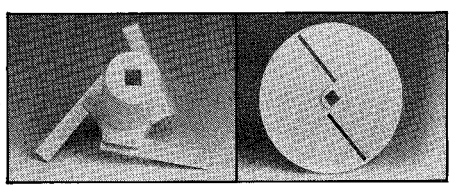


THE FUNDAMENTAL FOOD PROCESSOR

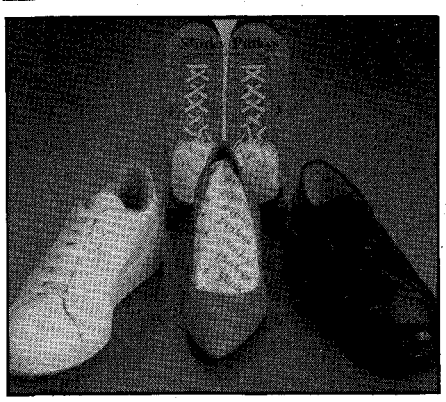
The convenience and compactness of this non-electric hand food processor impresses even the most accomplished cook. You'll quickly see why it's called *The Handy.* The Handy doesn't take up a lot of counterspace, like its hefty electrified cousins. It doesn't intimidate people with the velocity of its whirling blades. It isn't a hassle to wash. It stores readily in a minimum of space. Yet — and here's the best part — it does the same basic things that a full-size processor does at a very down sized price. Slices beautifully, evenly, thinly. Minces onions, garlic, vegetables for stuffing. Mixes and whips eggs, cream, and dressings. Shreds cheese, potatoes, cabbage. Easy, turn crank handle gives direct control of speed and consistency. Suction lock holds base to countertop. Four-cup capacity work bowl, extralarge input chute with pusher. Comes with four blades for mincing, slicing, grating and whipping. Made of tough high impact plastic with metal shafts and blade edges. **$29.00** ($5.95) #A1542. The Handy is especially handy for second homes, crowded apartments, campers, and anyone who appreciates convenience.



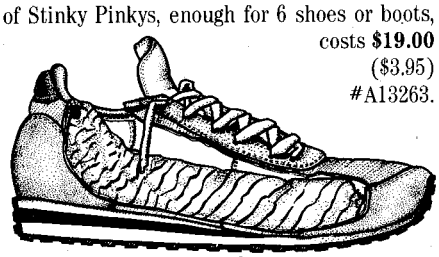




STINKY PINKYS

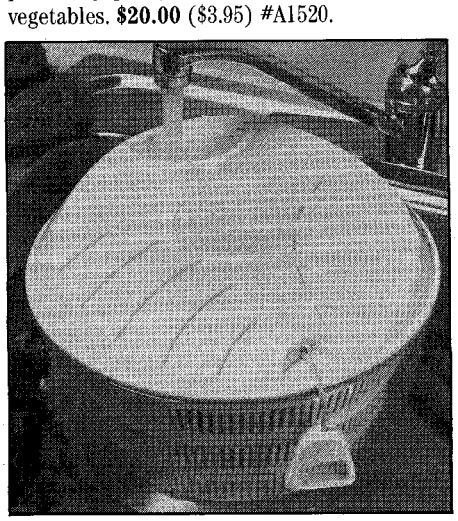


Fortunately, human anatomy is arranged so the nose and the feet are separated by the greatest possible distance. Even so, the twain do occasionally meet — and the nose is usually not delighted to know of the foot's exertions. Now just put a Stinky Pinky "sock" in each shoe and overnight odor is gone, absorbed by the special blend of all-natural earth materials. Works in running shoes, sneakers, boots, leather shoes, anything that goes on your feet. And keeps on working, too — just put Stinky Pinkys out in the sun for a day every three months or so to restore their odor-catching ability. Three pairs of Stinky Pinkys, enough for 6 shoes or boots, costs **$19.00** ($3.95) #A13263.



SPIN WASH, SPIN DRY

The Jet Spin Washer/Dryer for salad greens and vegetables does a better job with a minimum of effort in less time than any other method of preparation. As the stream of water hits the spinning inner basket, it bursts into spray, giving the contents a good drenching before being carried off by centrifugal action. Flywheel action keeps basket spinning easily. Turn off the faucet and with a few more tugs the remaining water spins away, leaving you with crisp clean salad greens, so dry they are positively perky. Also works for fruits and vegetables. **$20.00** ($3.95) #A1520.



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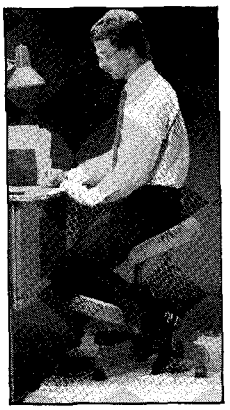
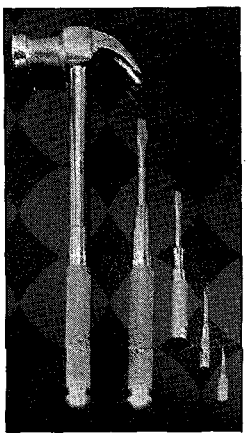
IT SWIVELS!



Backless "Back" Chairs have solved the age-old problem of proper seating, aligning the body on its natural axis so that sitting does not stress spine or back muscles. The redistribution of body weight is dramatically more freeing, natural, comfortable. But until now you had to give up mobility to sit this intelligently — these chairs were unidirectional and if you needed to change orientation you had the awkwardness of moving the whole chair. Finally it swivels! In its brand-new swivel incarnation, the Back Chair is suited for use at any work station, desk or table. The reinforced oak 4-star base has commercial-quality dual-track casters for easy manueverability over carpets or floors. Effortless swivel action. Manual height adjustment. Gray poly-cotton fabric over plush cushion. This is a new twist on a good idea and until you use it you don't know how relaxed and productive you can be sitting down. The price is a nice turn too, only **$69.00** ($11.95) #EVA1337. Minimal assembly.

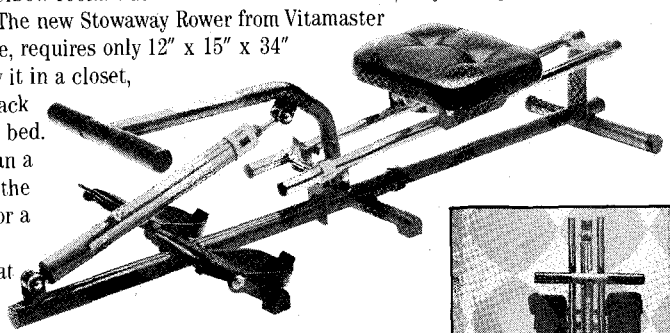
THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

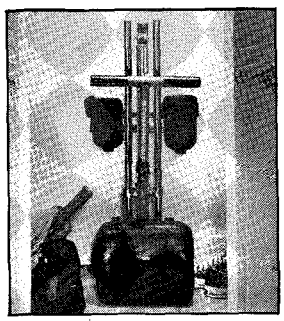


Hammer and screwdriver are civilized man's most indispensable tools. The problem is how to assure their availability in all those daily circumstances when we need such tools of persuasion. The 6-in-1 hammer is perfect for pocketbook, briefcase, office drawer, car glove compartment, dorm room — anyplace where you would be glad to have tools but don't have a toolbox. It's only 8" long, and weighs under 8 oz. Includes claw hammer head, 4 sizes of screwdrivers nesting inside handle. Knurled solid brass handles, tempered steel blades. **$9.00** ($2.95) #A1517. It's a great way to begin a tool collection.

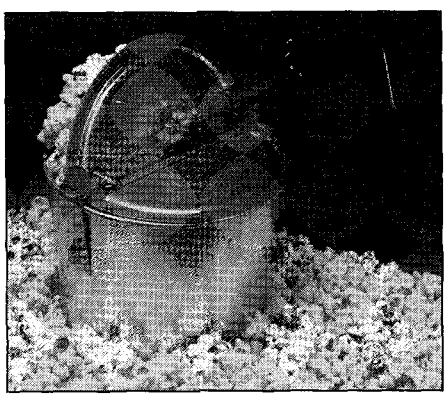
STOWAWAY ROWER

Rowers require elbow room. But when the workout is over, why have your home looking like a health club? The new Stowaway Rower from Vitamaster slides shut after use, requires only 12" x 15" x 34" storage space. Stow it in a closet, behind a door, in back of a couch, under a bed. Takes less room than a suitcase, packs all the quality you need, for a first-class workout. Padded contour seat with nylon roller riding on chrome rails for comfortable quiet rowing action. Single rowing arm with hydraulic tension resistance, 12 dial-adjustable settings, from ladylike to linebacker strength. Hefty tubular steel construction. No-Mar foot pads protect floor or carpets. Fits nicely in a budget, too, only **$99.00** ($11.95) #VMA1522.





GOURMET POPCORN WITH OR WITHOUT FLAVORS



Most electric and hot-air poppers "puff" the corn more than they "pop" it, leaving it tough with hard centers. This flat-bottomed stove-top popper reaches 475° (electric poppers typically operate at 350°) and pops full in two minutes with 4 quarts of the best popcorn you ever tasted. Stirring paddle with through-the-handle crank virtually eliminates burnt or unpopped kernels. Wooden handle for safe grip, two dump lids. Pop without oil for delicious diet popcorn, 325 calories per giant bowl. Produce tender, fluffy, old fashioned movie theater popcorn, **$25.00** ($3.95) #A1503. For taste-tempting flavored popcorn, a selection of 3 gourmet flavors — raspberry, praline and caramel — enough for 6 more gallons of popcorn, costs **$10.00** ($1.95) #A15043.

WELL-WROUGHT WIZARDRY

We tried White Wizard cleaner on a rug stain of several months' standing. The rug came clean. We tried it on the grass-stained knees of the kids' blue jeans. They came clean. We tried it on a necktie gravy stain. It came clean. Now it is the first thing we reach for when confronted with a grease, oil, blood, ink, berry, fruit juice, lipstick, coffee, tea, smoke or pet stain. We have found White Wizard exceedingly mild-mannered — odorless, neutral Ph, non-abrasive, biodegradable, compounded of 9 non-toxic quality chemicals. This product has been well-known in England for years, but is just now coming to the American consumer market. 2 10-oz. tubs of White Wizard for **$14.00** ($2.95) #A14302.

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'THE PIRATICAL ENSIGNS OF MAHOMET'

IF HISTORY is any guide, the Reagan Administration's effort to mobilize support in Europe for a war on terror is doomed to failure. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had the same idea, but it did not work.

The first time Islamic fundamentalists hijacked an American-flag ship was in October 1784, when Morocco captured a Philadelphia merchant brig named *Betsey* and her 11 crewmen. Coming five months after Congress signed the final draft of the peace treaty that ended the Revolution, the attack on the *Betsey* was the first warlike act against the new nation.

To manage the crisis Congress delegated its three senior diplomats, who were stationed in Paris at the time: Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. Since Dr. Franklin was old, soon to sail for home and retirement, the burden fell on Adams and Jefferson.

Both men agreed that the hijacking was barbaric. They also agreed that without the collusion of the corrupt European monarchies, the so-called "Barbary Pirates" could not exist. It was no secret that the Old World powers, in order to protect their own commercial fleets from attack, paid tribute to the Mussulmen who claimed sovereignty over the Mediterranean; that they gave "presents"—enormous quantities of money, and the armaments with which the Barbary brigands carried out their savage attacks. The deys, beys, and bashaws of North Africa had to get their weapons somewhere; what they could not hijack they extorted.

John Adams despised what he called "this Africa system." Above all, this staunch New England abolitionist and grandson of Puritans loathed the pirate powers because they were the bases for slave-raiding caravans into the African interior. In high dudgeon, Adams wrote, "Never, never will the slave trade be abolished while Christian princes abase themselves before the piratical ensigns of Mahomet."

Still, as a practical man, a lawyer and friend to Boston's merchants, he pressed the business line in his arguments with Jefferson. He counseled appeasement—specifically, meeting the Moroccan emperor's demand for ransom and tribute. Realistically, America had no money to go to war against him. There was no navy; all armed vessels had been sold off or scrapped when peace came. There was, finally, no sentiment for war. The country was floundering in war debt already, and tribute was cheaper.

Jefferson disagreed. After the *Betsey*'s capture, he warned Congress against meeting Morocco's demands, for "an insult unpunished is the parent of others"—a general aphorism he deduced from a prolonged study of Barbary piracy. Jefferson had foreseen trouble in Barbary: He had read histories of the problem, and consulted with other ambassadors in Paris on their countries' approach to the brigandage. It was his conclusion, a month before he read in a newspaper of the loss of an American vessel, that the only solution for America in the event of hostilities was a navy. He calculated six frigates were needed.

But Adams's counsel prevailed. To free the 11 hostages, Congress promised the emperor "presents." Captain Erwin and his ten crewmen were freed after nine months.

Barbary Gratitude

TWO WEEKS later, Jefferson's aphorism came to horrid life when cruisers from Algiers captured two American ships, taking 21 hostages. Jefferson wrote to Nathanael Greene that the outrage "left the faculties of my mind absolutely suspended between indignation and impotence."

"Don't you understand? Separation of church and state doesn't matter *any more."*

Mr. Sorkin is completing a book and a screenplay on the Barbary Wars.

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Again he argued for force. Pointing to European history, he demonstrated that while tribute was cheaper than war in the short term, it was not in the long, for once begun, "extortion" would continue at an ever escalating rate. Above all, he rejected negotiations with the kidnappers because "it is humiliating to treat with these enemies of the human race."

In 1790, as the first Secretary of State, Jefferson reported to Congress on the situation in the Mediterranean, the plight of the hostages now five years in Algiers, and his considered opinion that the United States needed a navy. In 1792, with President Washington's approval, he wrote to John Paul Jones, still in Europe, to see about hiring a fleet of armed vessels to sail against Algiers. Jones died in Paris two weeks before the letter arrived. A year later, Jefferson had to close out his tenure in office with a report to Congress on a catastrophe: Algiers had struck again, capturing 11 U.S. vessels, with 119 carried into slavery.

In the next session of Congress, debate was intense. The country had been without a navy since independence. Southern interests argued that piracy was a concern of the insurance companies, not the Federal Government. The North threatened secession: Without a navy to guard its ships, it was ruined. James Monroe, Jefferson's protégé, argued on the floor of the House in Philadelphia that "American vessels were being kicked and cuffed about the ocean by ships flying the Crescent of the Prophet."

Finally, six ships were commissioned (Jefferson's strategic number of a decade before), but before they could be completed and launched against Algiers, the appeasers succeeded in negotiating ransom and tribute with the dey. On July 13, 1796, 85 emaciated Americans staggered out of Algiers's dungeons, survivors of an original 131, many of whom had died of plague, starvation, and beatings.

The Shores of Tripoli

SOON AFTER their liberation the American Government signed similar treaties of tribute with Tunis and Tripoli. For Algiers, the U.S. Government built, gratis, a fully outfitted frigate, which was shipped to Algiers in the same months Americans were bragging that they would pay "millions for defense but not one cent for tribute" (to France).

Jefferson took office as President in March 1801. Two months later in Tripoli the United States Consulate was sacked by a mob. The reigning bashaw, disgruntled by the size of American tribute and delay in its arrival, declared war. Consul James Cathcart, his wife, and their two small children had to flee for their lives to the Danish Embassy, where they hid for ten days until they could be smuggled from the city.

Now Jefferson had his chance to practice what he had preached for 15 years. The war lasted the four years of his first term. It began badly. A navy ship, *Philadelphia*, was captured; 307 were taken hostage into Tripoli. The hostages were released and the war ended only when William Eaton of Connecticut—the navy agent to the Barbary States—led a detachment of 11 United States Marines and a thousand mercenary cutthroats (whom Eaton paid with his own money) over six hundred miles of desert to capture the Libyan port of Darna. Eaton's threat to march on "to the shores of Tripoli" itself so terrified the bashaw that he sued for peace and freed the captives. The United States never had trouble with Tripoli again, at least until recently.

Today, a Euro-cynicism of the kind Jefferson encountered still persists, as does self-abasement before the "piratical ensigns of Mahomet." In 1980 the European Community, in its Venice Declaration, legitimized the Palestine Liberation Organization, the premier hijacking agency of the 1970s. Is there any reason to think that six years later Europe has changed?

Thomas Jefferson understood the necessity of going it alone. Under his leadership, the United States did. □

Epitaphs

SHAKESPEARE
It must be hard
For sport and card
To have to be
"Immortal Bard."

CHAUCER
A parfit, true,
And gentil knyght,
But English brew
Hath quite a bite.

ROSSETTI, C.
Christina Rossetti,
Festooned with confetti,
Posed for nude posters
With loud Pater Nosters.

ROSSETTI, D. G.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Was a schizophrene unsteady,
His Dante in the deepest Hell,
In Paradise his Gabriel.

PEPYS
Naughty Sam Pepys
With sinnermen sleeps,
Although his diary
Rests in the priory.

P. B. SHELLEY
Instead of fish,
A dainty dish
Of verse delish
By Percy Bysshe.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

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ABROAD

WARSAW *This Enemy*

The Roman Catholic Church of Poland is deeply disturbed by the refusal of the Communist government to respect agreements made during the social and political upheaval of the Solidarity movement two years ago. An agreement guaranteeing freedom of religion, in return for a reciprocal acknowledgment of the rights of the socialist state, has never been officially promulgated. Two-thirds of a draft of the agreement was at one point accepted by the state authorities; now even that has been withdrawn. Another cause of tension is the project for an agricultural foundation supervised by the Church and supported by private funds from the West. There is no question about the poverty of rural infrastructures in Poland (there are very few telephones and hardly any village water systems; only a quarter of the roads are paved). The law creating the foundation was passed by the Diet in April 1984, but so far the government has refused to authorize it, costing the foundation $18 million in forfeited gifts. Still another grievance concerns the ecclesiastical press. In a country that is 98 per cent Catholic, only 33 periodicals of a total of 2,766 are Church-connected. Another broken promise: that school textbooks would be revised toward greater respect for spiritual belief and away from propaganda for atheism. "In our system," said the Primate of Poland, Cardinal Glemp, in a recent sermon, "there is a fixed idea that there must be a class enemy, and where there is no class enemy, any other enemy will do. . . . [Today] the enemy is the Church."

PARIS *Carrier Momentum*

The Defense Ministry has decided to build a new nuclear-powered aircraft carrier to maintain the credibility of France's military power. The vessel, bearing the illustrious name of *Richelieu*, will take its place with the fleet in ten years. Construction will require 12 million man-hours (there is as yet no monetary estimate). The ability to intervene from a base that has no territorial, and little diplomatic, restriction is an immense advantage in creating "a common frontier" with almost any adversary, say French naval spokesmen. The common-frontier theory rests on the fact that two-thirds of the world's population, and therefore industry, is concentrated within 250 miles of the sea, and thus within range of the carrier's aircraft. The navy's present carrier, the *Clemenceau*, is due to go out of service in 1992. This would leave a four-year gap before the *Richelieu*'s commissioning.

KIEV *Ukrainian Corruption*

Mikhail Gorbachev's campaign against corruption has been carried to the vast and fertile expanses of the Ukraine, where a number of important Communist Party functionaries have recently been fired or reprimanded. The ostensible reason was a loss of agricultural production and a decline in industrial output. Automobile shortfalls alone cost the economy 200 million rubles ($240 million at the official rate) over the last five years. "One has to say frankly that unpleasant trends have arisen," according to one of the government's chief prosecutors, Aleksandr Rekunkov. "The problems of drunkenness, parasitism, and unearned income were aggravated." But foreign observers believe that the principal aim of the purge in the Ukraine is to get rid of former Chairman Leonid Brezhnev's last followers, and particularly Politburo member Vladimir Shcherbitsky, who is also the Party chief of the region. Shcherbitsky has criticized Gorbachev for his reporting of the results of the Geneva Summit, and for his military policy.

ROME *Singing*

The Mafia has an opera at last. It is called *Salvatore Giuliano* and is based on the life of the famous Mafioso who conducted a reign of terror—and of glamor—in Sicily in the late 1940s. He was finally killed in 1950 by a cousin who betrayed him and who was himself subsequently poisoned in prison. In the opera, Giuliano is shot by someone planted in the audience. This device was invented, according to the composer, Lorenzo Ferrero, in order to "keep up the doubts about who really shot him dead." The opera, staged at the Rome Opera House in a production that includes the blowing up of vintage cars, is one act long. It is paired for the occasion with the nineteenth-century *Cavalleria Rusticana* by Mascagni, which is also set in Sicily. The opera has been running simultaneously with the mass trial of 474 Mafia suspects in Palermo.

MARNE-LA-VALLEE *Disneyville*

The choice of the Marne Valley, close to Paris, as the site of the Disney entertainment center in Europe—Disneyville—has drawn a rash of hostile letters and editorials in the French press. One letter writer in *Le Monde* compares Disneyville to an industrial disaster in terms of cultural pollution. Another denounced it as a "sanctuary of fast food and gadgets parachuted at the gates of what was once the City of Light." A third proposed a counterweight: the establishment of "Europe Houses" in the United States, which would present European painting, music, and cultural lectures. "But," added the correspondent forebodingly, "will the Americans who come to hear and see these things prove as numerous as the masses of Europeans who will be stupefying themselves in the tinseled uproar of this leisure park?"

Donegan, *Punch* / Rothco

"Miss Wicksteed? We do make aircraft carriers, don't we?"

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WHAT THE LEFT THINKS THE RIGHT THINKS

THE LARGEST unexplored territories in the consciousness of our time are fantasies in the minds of the Left about what the Right thinks. This is a theological question. For the Left, even when it is atheist, always thinks theologically. Marx was a mystic and a prophet. As Soviet mathematician Igor Shafarevich writes, Marx's works do not exhibit "even the climate of science."

In its inner world, the Left sees Good and Evil, for which it employs the code *Left* and *Right*. The Left believes that to favor social progress is noble, selfless, moral, and just. This is the divinity that shapes its ends. To resist the projects of the Left is to be not merely mistaken but reactionary. And that is, by definition, immoral.

Nearly every day in the *New York Times*, the two Lewises perfectly exemplify this theological consciousness: Flora, who writes from Europe, and Anthony, who writes from Boston.

Mr. Lewis normally strives to be a voice of reason; he wishes to be known for his reasonableness. Yet reason deserts him whenever he writes of Henry Kissinger, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Norman Podhoretz. About such evil agents, Mr. Lewis is incapable of writing rationally. So systematic a lapse invites reflection.

Lewis often calls those he hates "ideologues." Those who see the world that way usually do. (Pragmatists never even notice ideology in others; they interpret it pragmatically.)

Lewis regularly misstates the views of those he hates. He writes, e.g., of "the theory, so beloved of Jeane Kirkpatrick and other Reagan ideologues, that America should and can keep right-wing tyrants in power indefinitely." Jeane Kirkpatrick doesn't hold that view. She is opposed to tyranny of any sort. It is odd that an intelligent man would willfully misstate her view so clumsily. More, it is mean-spirited of him; he intends to hurt her.

There are other strange things he thinks Jeane Kirkpatrick thinks. For example, that "the U.S. should have kept the Shah and Somoza in power because, with all their corruption and cruelty, they were better for American interests than what followed." In one sentence, two misstatements: "kept in power" and "American interests."

Besides "American interests," Mrs. Kirkpatrick also considered which alternatives were *morally* worse, from the point of view of the citizens of Iran and Nicaragua. Instead of being fixated on "keeping" the Shah and Somoza "in power," she asked what the *peoples* of Iran and Nicaragua—as opposed to the Ayatollah's cliques and the Sandinista junta—wanted after the fall of the Shah and Somoza.

Lewis thinks the Right thinks that dictators, with all their corruption and cruelty, are "better" for American interests. And that such dictators should be propped up indefinitely. No wonder he hates the Right.

Switch scenes to Flora Lewis linking Lew Lehrman to "ultra-conservatives." ("Ultra" is another word for "ideologue.") "These are people," she writes, "who want to dismantle what has been achieved over several generations of social and economic reform to domesticate the beast that lurks in unrestrained capitalism."

The beast? Even Lenin noted that capitalist sheep would sell Marxist hangmen the rope by which they would be hanged. Today they are so docile that they compete to lend the money to buy the rope. But Miss Lewis continues wildly: "They want America to revert to a country of Puritan morals and jungle economics, restoring the fang and the claw of social Darwinism."

It was the gold standard that stirred her column up. "Gold," she sneers, "contains no notion of justice, it is dead metal." She thinks it is a symbol of "other old ideas," including an idea she fantasizes on her own: "that rights are based on wealth."

No wonder F. Lewis hates conservatives. Like A. Lewis, she makes up fantasies—rights based on wealth; jungle economics; the return of social Darwinism red in fang and claw; Puritan morals at the country club and around the swimming pool; the roar of the beast that lurks . . . The lady is having nightmares.

Redistribution of Ideas

SHOULD NOT the Left's nightmares move us to compassion? Our Left suffers from sustained intellectual segregation, grievous informational impoverishment, and fantasies about the Right. These fantasies discriminate against them. No one else suffers from them. How can our Left, handicapped at the starting line, be expected to keep pace with right-wing advances? Inevitably it falls behind. Fairness is at issue.

Alas, government will have to interfere in the ways that ideas are currently distributed. Right-wing ideas should be taxed away from those who have them, and redistributed to needy persons on the Left, to alleviate their nightmares. Under Gramm-Rudman, none of these ideas can afford to be wasted through poor administration.

Won't redistribution kill the golden goose? Actually, if you look at the supply side, the Right produces new ideas faster than the Left can learn them. The Right believes strongly in the universal distribution of ideas.

But it is hard to accept assistance, when genuine argument would entail renouncing a basic tenet: that there is no salvation outside the Left. □

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

THE KILLERS AND THE KILLED

Joseph Sobran

The Victim's Song, by Alice R. Kaminsky (Prometheus, 268 pp., $19.95)

ALICE R. KAMINSKY was born in New York City. Many years later, her son was murdered there.

On a Saturday night in September of 1980, Eric Kaminsky was waiting for a subway train when two Dominican youths who needed money for drugs robbed him, stabbed him, and threw him onto the tracks. During the tussle he tried to protect his hands; he was planning to be a concert pianist. Bystanders helped lift him up to the platform, but his aorta had been cut, and he bled to death internally within a few minutes.

The killers were caught, convicted, and sent to prison, but Mrs. Kaminsky wasn't satisfied or consoled. If anything, the legal process deepened her grief and rage. Her book is a long, agonized shriek. She doesn't try to make it pretty.

The Victim's Song (the title is a retort to Norman Mailer's book about the killer Gary Gilmore, *The Executioner's Song*) is an attempt to shift our attention from the killers to the killed. Given the crime explosion in America, it is amazing that so few books have done this; we have been fascinated by the criminal almost exclusively. Litterateurs, moralists, sociologists, ideologues, and the book-buying public have been caught up in a series of secondary questions: What causes crime? What are the rights of suspects? Are conditions in our prisons humane? Is capital punishment justified? Does it deter?

And lurking behind our fascination is another question: What is it like to kill somebody?

Mailer, who once stabbed one of his wives, has led the cult of empathy for the killer. His most famous protégé was Jack Henry Abbott, a convicted killer who graphically answered this morbid question in his widely hailed book, *In the Belly of the Beast*. Mrs. Kaminsky quotes Abbott's description of the ecstasy of stabbing: It takes on an extra layer of horror from the fact that the mother of a murder victim is quoting it.

She excoriates Mailer, who succeeded in getting Abbott paroled, whereupon Abbott stabbed a young aspiring actor to death. And still Mailer defends his conduct, on the ground that "culture is worth a little risk." Maybe, but Jack Henry Abbott isn't exactly what Matthew Arnold had in mind. Neither is Mailer.

Mrs. Kaminsky is a literary Bernhard Goetz. Though she is a professor of English, she doesn't write with finesse; one is glad, in a way, that her book isn't more powerful. It would be unbearable. But she has done something that badly needed doing, and we are driven to ask why it took so long for someone to write a book expressing the pain and fury of the victims —not only the 22-year-old lad whose life was taken abruptly, but the parents (Eric was their only child) whose lives have been desolated.

Guy Lawrence

The day after Eric was killed, Mrs. Kaminsky and her husband were called to the police morgue to identify him. It would be indecent to quote her simple, devastating description of the experience; there is nothing like it in the *œuvre* of Norman Mailer, though.

Her desolation is endless. Her life has no future. She refuses to forgive or be consoled. She tells of the fantasies she entertained of torturing the killers. She attacks religious explanations of the problem of evil. She speaks of her son "rotting in his grave." She despises any attempt to buffer her grief.

It seems cruel and inane to criticize such a book. It isn't just a book; it's the real thing. It's what Mailer and Abbott tried to produce, the effect Mailer calls "existential." The perennial naughty mama's boy of the New York intellectuals has finally run up against something serious: a mother's curse.

It also seems pointless to wish her well; she rules that out. Her son is dead. She keeps tormenting herself by asking if he would be alive if she had

Jeffrey Meyers has written on Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Huysmans, Gide, Proust, and Camus in Married to Genius, Painting and the Novel, *and* Homosexuality and Literature.

Thomas Molnar is the author of the forthcoming The Pagan Temptation, *to be published by the University Press of America.*

Robert Royal works for the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's Magazine *and a contributor to* Commentary, The American Spectator, *and* High Fidelity.

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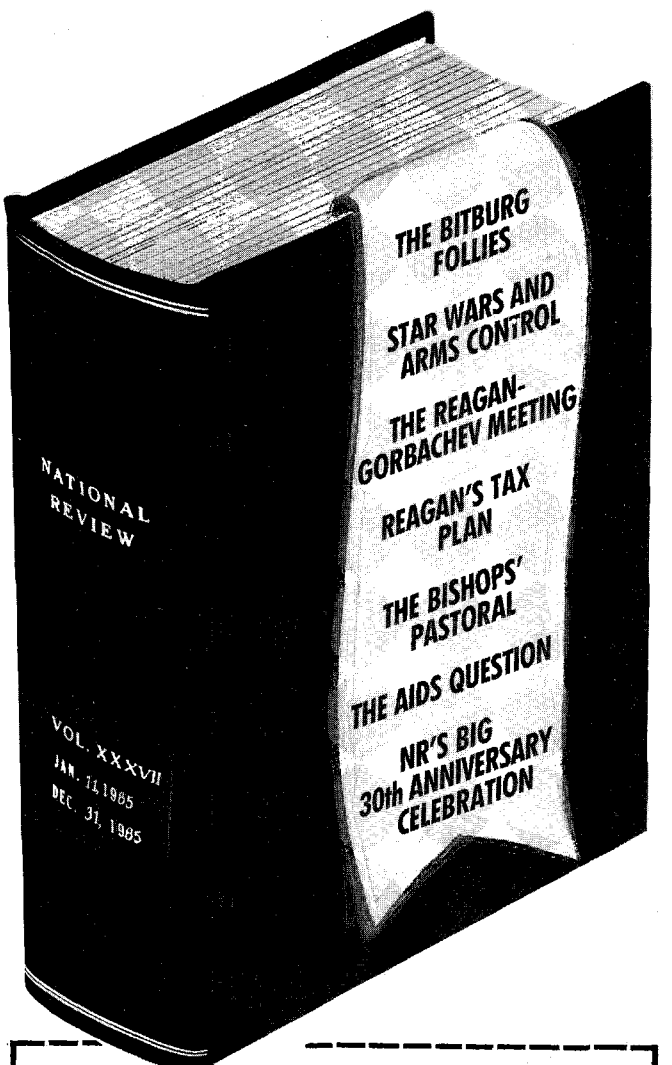

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done something differently, if the family had moved away from New York, if she hadn't encouraged him to become a musician, if he had gotten married. All those terrible ifs. She did warn him, like every mother, to beware of crime in the city; he, like every son, listened. At his killers' trial she heard the judge refuse a prosecutor's request for a procedural change; after all, said the judge, this was "only a murder."

Only a murder, and New York has 1,800 of those per year. (Tokyo has 180.) Well, says Alice Kaminsky, this one was different: This was *my* son. My *son*. Eric.

Maybe it took a woman headstrong enough to insist on what every mother feels to write this book. The striking fact about most crime victims nowadays is their docility—their patient respect for a system that denies them protection and can't cope with their assailants. This is the way we live now. We know that the powers that be—the Mailers, the civil libertarians, the judges, the wraiths who write editorials in the *Times*—aren't interested in us. And we accept that. We assume we must not be very interesting people, unlike the engaging personalities who languish on Death Row studying law books and writing memoirs.

So you don't think we're interesting, says Alice Kaminsky. Well, *get* interested. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ SOME APRIL TITLES: *On the Meaning of Victory* (Simon & Schuster, $18.95), by Edward N. Luttwak, is a collection of essays—most of them published originally in *Commentary*—on the subject of military strategy in its relation to politics. "The West," Luttwak observes, "has become uncomfortably habituated to defeat. Victory is viewed with great suspicion, if not outright hostility." . . . In *The Green Berets at War: U.S. Army Special Forces in Southeast Asia, 1956-1975* (Presidio, $18.95), Shelby L. Stanton provides an impressive history of the accomplishments of the counter-insurgency cadre, which was nevertheless the object of great hostility on the part of General Creighton Abrams, commander of the U.S. forces in Vietnam after Westmoreland, and of great misunderstanding on the part of Lyndon Johnson, its Commander-in-Chief.

The Big Dance: The Untold Story of Kathy Boudin and the Terrorist Family That Committed the Brink's Robbery Murders (Dodd, Mead, $17.95), by John Castellucci, is an interesting factual account of the celebrated criminal case of 1981, by the reporter who originally covered the story for the *Rockland Journal-News*.

Virtue under Fire: How World War II Changed Our Social and Sexual Attitudes (Little, Brown, $17.95), by John Costello, argues that, through a variety of social and psychological causes not difficult to guess at, the family was the greatest of wartime's many casualties.

In *An American Aristocracy: The Livingstons* (Doubleday, $19.95), Clare Brandt provides a thorough and well-documented history of the Scots family that received, in 1686, a royal patent to 160,000 acres of land in the Hudson River Valley.

Death of the Soul: From Descartes to the Computer (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $16.95), by William Barrett, takes serious and profound exception to the modern analogy of the human mind to mere mechanism. —CW

MR. PINFOLD'S REVENGE

Terry Teachout

The Revenge of the Philistines: Art and Culture 1972-1984, by Hilton Kramer (Free Press, 445 pp., $25)

HILTON KRAMER, in *The Revenge of the Philistines*, his new collection of essays and reviews, alludes sharply to "journals that are normally content to act as if contemporary art does not exist." Though the reference is to *The New Republic* and *The New York Review of Books*, the problem goes far deeper than those two magazines alone. A growing number of today's "intellectuals" apparently regard an informed interest in music, ballet, or the visual arts as at best superfluous, at worst a dangerous sign of frivolity. The logic of this position does have a vulgar kind of internal coherence. (How many divisions does Matisse have?) But the irony is that Hilton Kramer's art criticism, for all its high seriousness, ought to be of interest to even the most relentlessly politicized intellectual. For Mr. Kramer is as interested in the politics of art as he is in art itself, and on this endlessly fascinating subject he is almost always first rate.

To say this is not to dismiss Mr. Kramer's critical considerations of *objets d'art* proper. The bulk of *The Revenge of the Philistines* consists of reviews and essays about individual artists published during Mr. Kramer's tenure as art critic of the *New York Times*, and for the most part these are very good indeed. But close readings are not Hilton Kramer's true *métier*; his real interests lie elsewhere. His long essay on the 1984 reopening of the Museum of Modern Art, for example, is arguably a more memorable "close reading" than any of his art criticism *per se*:

> There may even be a certain symbolism in the way visitors to the museum are obliged to ascend to the second, third, and fourth stories in order to commune with the certified masterworks of modern art, whereas they must descend from these higher elevations to the lower levels of the building in order to study the "temporary" productions garnered from the current art scene. (In keeping with this symbolism, the movies of course are consigned to the lowest levels of the museum.)

What is Mr. Kramer up to? One clue can be found in "Fairfield Porter: An American Classic," one of the most penetrating essays reprinted in *The Revenge of the Philistines*, in which he speaks of Porter's need "to reconcile art—not only his own, but any art that really meant something to him—with his political and social interests." Mr. Kramer's very similar need is most clearly set forth in his introductory essay, "Postmodern: Art and Culture in the 1980s." Modernism, Mr. Kramer argues, is on the decline. "Only now," he says, "are we in a position to appreciate the extent to which so many postmodern developments in art are actually antimodernist in spirit, a betrayal of the high purposes and moral grandeur of . . . the tradition that comes out of Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian."

According to Hilton Kramer, the great modernist tradition has been undermined by Camp, Pop Art, revivals of Art Nouveau and Art Deco, and other left-wing artistic movements governed by "looser, less stringent, and more avowedly hedonistic and opportunistic standards." This is the phenomenon to which Mr. Kramer refers in his title: a posthumous "revenge" of the cultural philistines who so militant-

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ly opposed the avant-garde throughout the first half of this century.

> Well, the philistines have certainly had their revenge—even if they have had to leave it to their enemies to secure it for them. . . . In our museums everything from Salon painting to the inanities of kitsch has been dusted off, freshly labeled, and solemnly placed on exhibition, almost as if the modern movement had never altered our view of them. Scholars can always be found to study these objects, and critics to praise them almost as if they believed them to be worthy of their attention.

Nearly every page of *The Revenge of the Philistines* reflects the rigorous application of Hilton Kramer's systematic critique of postmodernism. From the paintings of Grant Wood to the photographs of Richard Avedon, Mr. Kramer is constantly on guard against perversions of the modernist ideal. ("In an age of sweeping reversals, glamor too will search out ways to perpetuate its spell by negating all customary expectations.") And "Tom Wolfe and the Revenge of the Philistines," Mr. Kramer's review of *The Painted Word*, presents the case against postmodernism with a crusading intensity that suggests no one so much as F. R. Leavis:

> That the excesses and exclusivities of modernist art are beginning to be denied the easy ordination and overblown praise that would have been granted them, say, ten years ago, as if by divine right, is not, in my opinion, a vicissitude to be despised. But something other than critical intelligence is also at work in this refusal to embrace the latest inanities of the far-out fringe of modernism—something virulent and reactionary that looks dangerously close at times to an assault on mind itself.

The striking thing here is the confidence with which Mr. Kramer asserts the superiority of modernism, not merely in the visual arts but by clear implication in all other branches of art and culture. This confidence is a distinctively neoconservative phenomenon, one which conservatives as a group do not share. (Neither, it is worth noting, does Joseph Epstein, whose contributions to *The New Criterion*, Mr. Kramer's magazine, are frank in their repudiation of modernism as an artistically valid approach to fiction.) For them, the problem of modernism *is* still a problem. To be sure, Mr. Kramer is probably correct to speak of "the high purposes and moral grandeur of . . . the tradition that comes out of Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian." But he conjures up similarly high purposes in other artistic fields through something of a package deal. To reject, say, the minimalist prose of Ann Beattie is hardly the same thing as to wholeheartedly accept *Finnegans Wake*; to reject the minimalist music of Philip Glass is certainly not the same thing as accepting *Pierrot Lunaire*.

One would very much like to hear Mr. Kramer on Evelyn Waugh's description of Gilbert Pinfold, his fictional alter ego:

> His opinions certainly were easily predictable. His strongest tastes were negative. He abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing, and jazz—everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime. The tiny kindling of charity which came to him through his religion sufficed only to temper his disgust and change it to boredom.

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Is the philistine revenge of which Mr. Kramer writes with such manifest passion also the revenge of the Gilbert Pinfolds of our own time? This question is left unanswered in *The Revenge of the Philistines*, and Mr. Kramer's book, as stimulating as it is, suffers from his failure to scrutinize the cultural assumptions of those conservatives who, sharing his hatred of the postmodernist folly, are not nearly as comfortable with his enthusiastic embrace of modernism in all its myriad forms. There is, as *The Revenge of the Philistines* reminds us, an important book to be written about the uneasy alliance between cons and neocons. Perhaps Hilton Kramer will be the man to write it. □

SAILING THROUGH CENTURIES

Thomas Molnar

Jesus through the Centuries, by Jaroslav Pelikan (Yale, 272 pp., $22.50)

THERE IS every reason why this book should become a long-lasting best-seller. While Pelikan presents Jesus as a kind of universal cultural hero, his book is also a factual, informative history of Christianity, every chapter mirroring an age as it was drawn to Jesus, and illustrating the artistic, literary, and spiritual form that the attraction took.

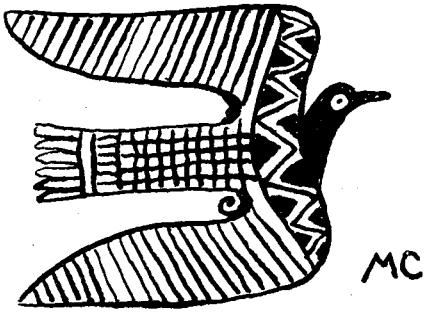
Pelikan's main problem must have been precisely this cultural inclusiveness. Many people may find it objectionable to present Christ less as the central religious figure of the Christian era than as a reference point for 18 different approaches—Jesus as Rabbi, as Monk, as Poet, as Prince of Peace, as King, as Liberator, and so on. All things to all men, yes, but also a fragmented Christ, Who appears to have been spread too thin. One may speak of Christ as God, in which case His ever-presence is taken for granted; spoken of on any other level, including that of art and culture, He risks becoming a mere superman, the book a panopticon.

The volume is attractively presented, its illustrations are apposite, and the author's faith comes through as solid and uncompromising. It is a timely and telling antidote to the likes of Godard's pornographic film *Hail Mary*, as also to the Church's frenetic self-desacralization. For this Catholic reader, it is an irony that, in the midst of a clergy and episcopate stripping churches and liturgy of their beauty for the eyes, ears, touch, and spirit, it is Professor Pelikan, a Lutheran, who has devoted a book to the subject of Christ as the focus of two thousand years of sensory inspiration. He does not seem even to notice that Catholicism has plunged, since the Second Vatican Council, into an eclipse that may last for centuries. Instead, he sails through the book with his eyes fixed on Jesus, the eternal figure, next to Whom institutions seem less important.

Structurally, the book is somewhat frustrating, perhaps because it was originally a series of lectures; it appears, therefore, as a succession of *tableaux*, each with a grand opening and a moving finale, but each, also, demanding a new effort on the part of the reader as he tackles what is, essentially, a new book. Ultimately, *Jesus through the Centuries* comes across as a product of "television culture": fragmented, capsulized, pretentious. You go from the Jewish Jesus to the iconoclastic crisis in Constantinople, from the Crusades to Luther's stand on politics, from the Grand Inquisitor to the redemption of Raskolnikov and Sonya.

All this is to say that the book has not found its genre. Is it cultural history, devotional literature, art history, or theology? In the end it is all of these, yet what overriding impression remains after 272 larger-than-normal-sized pages? I, for one, remember bits of information, interesting rapprochements, evocations of changes of style in art, but mostly what stays in my mind is a succession of well-turned, imaginative essays, amounting to an anthology; not a book that taught me anything essential or essentially new, not a thesis with a comprehensive insight.

What I miss in Mr. Pelikan's work is a forceful point of view and an argument in its service. Mr. James Billington summarized perhaps best my own overall impression when, in a comment reproduced on the back cover, he notes: "Like a master jeweler working with hard but valuable material, Jaroslav Pelikan . . . has chiseled 18 surfaces . . . affecting human culture. The result is an often glittering intellectual history . . ."



On second thought, I must admit the book is more than that. Pelikan has written a well-timed apologia, recalling wayward theologians to the sanity of another council, the one held in Trent in the mid-sixteenth century, whose first order of business was to restore images after the initial fury of Protestant devastation. That council explained that believers rise to supernatural verities through the perceptions of their senses. Chateaubriand too comes to mind. His *Le Génie du christianisme* (1802) illustrated the *truth* of religion by way of the *beauty* inspired by the Church for many centuries. Chateaubriand, the ever sensitive romantic, understood that with Napoleon not only the Revolution but also the Enlightenment that had spawned it came to an end. The time was not yet ripe for a philosophical defense of Christianity; hence the aesthetic approach to religious sensibility had to be employed.

If there is a message in the book, it is that Christ sails through our turbulent centuries and will safely reach the other shore. There will always be people and epochs that He will inspire, illuminate, set into spiritual motion. But —and here the message is suspended —what about the Church, liturgy, doctrine, magisterium, Mass, canon law, discipline, morality? I am not arguing that the Church is more important than Christ—to do that would be absurd and blasphemous. Yet the Church is Christ's salvational sequel, His body. A work presenting Jesus alone can be, at this time, only half of the story. The Christian intention of *Jesus through the Centuries* is all-embracing, yet it is unmistakably a Protestant product.

This is also how it avoids a certain ecumenicist demagogy, a unity at any price, which is always heavily paid for. On the authentically spiritual plane, the book may even have the value of a prognosis, a suggestion of where the main denominational lines might, if not converge, then at least find a common ground. This cause is

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in good hands with Professor Pelikan. He is a man of strong conviction, ready to defend his points with erudition, fire, and—if need be—sarcasm. A professor with faith! A rare spectacle; and, all told, a rare book. □

A USEFUL PASSION

Robert Royal

Conversations with Walker Percy, edited by Lewis A. Lawson and Victor A. Kramer (Mississippi, 325 pp., $9.95)

"A GOOD DEAL of my energy as a novelist comes from *malice*," Walker Percy confesses baldly in one of the interviews in this collection. Sometimes the malice is ill-mastered—after President Kennedy's assassination he reeled off two or three hundred pages of a novel only to discard them later. But Percy's malevolence has also produced two seminal works of nonfiction as well as one of the more significant and consummately funny bodies of contemporary fiction.

Even longtime Percy followers will find valuable bits of information in this volume, which claims to contain all the interviews Percy has given since 1961 (for some reason his appearance on *Firing Line* in 1972 is not included). Its major value, however, is as testimony to Percy's dogged determination over the years to understand and find solutions for the modern predicament.

When he gave up the practice of medicine in the early 1940s after a bout with tuberculosis, Percy spent more than a decade reading philosophy, literature, and linguistic theory without publishing a single word. At the age of 38 he submitted a short, tentative philosophical essay to *Thought*. A couple of others followed, but he soon realized that almost no one, not even many other scholars, paid much attention to such articles. In 1961, at age 45, older even than Stendhal was when he wrote *Armance* (and Stendhal had the excuse of having spent quite a few years fooling with Napoleon), Percy published his first novel, *The Moviegoer*, which won him the National Book Award and national attention.

Broadly speaking, Percy writes philosophical novels, a genre little regarded in this country and fraught with many perils. Many such works are little more than fictionalized tracts or temptations for the author to give in to various modes of inauthenticity. Jean-Paul Sartre is the best-known modern practitioner of this art form, and Percy, while admiring some of Sartre's novels, pokes fun at the later Sartre, Soviet apologist and pontificating *salaud*, the very kind of bum Sartre himself used to rail at.

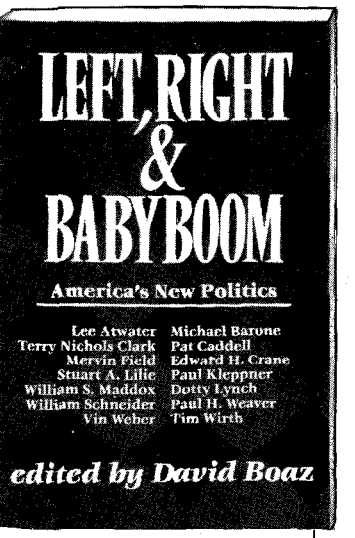
Percy, too, is an existentialist writer of a sort. But where Sartre's existentialism posited a dismal, nauseating world without God in which man was a "useless passion," Percy has had a quite useful passion for diagnosing our current abstract furies.

His typical protagonist is—like the author himself—a Southerner without immediate financial worries. The best in art, science, and culture is available to him. But he is profoundly dissatisfied with his life, comes to himself, and undertakes a search—at times hilarious, at times half-mad—that leads to an ambiguous enlightenment. Unlike the philosophical novelists on the Continent, Percy appreciates science, but he also recognizes that a widespread scientism has raised serious difficulties for the human being attempting to understand himself. In a prosperous modern society where many are engaged in a self-defeating "quest for the self," Percy seems to be asking, What do men live by?

Though the energy and dark wit in Percy's writing and his long silent apprenticeship always have struck me as evidence of some hidden passion, I was surprised at how anxious to talk Percy appears in these conversations. Often described as a shy man, he is markedly obsessed with getting across his message, especially in the interviews from the last five years or so. In one place he's complaining about how few serious readers there are any more and how, if he had it to do over again, he might have become a filmmaker—at least people still go to movie theaters. In another place he's describing a book he's working on, ambitiously titled *Novum Organum*, which is going to be a new "radical science" of man based on Percy's theory of language.

Many reviewers, including the present writer (*NR*, Sept. 16, 1983) noticed the apparent obsession in certain

"Politicians who ignore this book do so at their own peril."
—Rep. Jack Kemp



Are baby boomers liberal, conservative, or something else? How will they change the political system? Is the liberal-conservative spectrum still useful? These questions are considered in this pathbreaking book by Lee Atwater, Michael Barone, David Boaz, Pat Caddell, Edward H. Crane, Rep. Vin Weber, Rep. Tim Wirth, and other leading political analysts. **$6.95/paper, 119 pp.**

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passages of *Lost in the Cosmos*, his second book of nonfiction. This quality seems all the more odd in that Percy's most recent novel, *The Second Coming* (1980), had ended with a real reconciliation. In it Will Barrett finds a way to live happily with a wife and comes, by a crazy path, upon religious belief. "The first unalienated novel since Tolstoy," Percy says of it in one interview. On the other hand, *The Second Coming* was in many ways not as convincing as several earlier Percy novels—hence, perhaps, the growing pressure to find another outlet.

The usual revelations about the writer's work habits emerge in these interviews. To one interviewer, Percy describes his "little knack for writing" as being characterized by "theological, sexual, and demonic elements." But my favorite anecdote is Percy's admission that he often does not know if he's been working well, but "My wife tells me she always knows when I've had a good morning because I come out of that room smelling bad."

The best of these very uneven interviews is a piece Percy wrote in 1977 for *Esquire*, "Questions They Never Asked Me, So He Asked Them Himself." After putting some tired questions to himself about the chimerical "New South," he concedes that two decades of government intervention have produced changes: "It was easier for the South to go along than resist. After all, we tried that once. Anyhow, as Earl Long used to say, the Feds have the bomb now."

Another ipse-dixit, this time about how he can remain a Catholic in the face of all the modern alternatives to traditional religion: "This life is much too much trouble, far too strange, to arrive at the end of it and then to be asked what you make of it and have to answer: 'Scientific humanism.' That won't do. A poor show. Life is a mystery, love is a delight. Therefore I take it as axiomatic that one should settle for nothing less than the infinite mystery and the infinite delight, i.e., God. In fact I demand it. I refuse to settle for anything less."

That, maybe better than anything else, characterizes Percy's literary and philosophical career as well, a passionate refusal to settle for the mundane. If you are already a fan of Percy's, these conversations will be a delightful glimpse into the life of a brilliant and fascinating man. If you don't already know Percy, read this book as an introduction to his work. But hold onto your hat. You're in for quite a ride. □

A PAIR OF MOLES

Jeffrey Meyers

Flaubert & Turgenev: A Friendship in Letters, edited by Barbara Beaumont (Norton, 197 pp., $19.95)

BOTH FLAUBERT and Turgenev—similar in age, profession, and stature—thought writing was a solitary and lonely art, and felt an intense need to communicate with a kindred spirit. From 1863—when they met and were instantly attracted to one another at one of the famous literary dinners at Magny's restaurant—until Flaubert's death, in 1880, they exchanged about 230 letters and moved from flattery to friendship.

The letters are competently translated, introduced, and edited by Barbara Beaumont, though she does not annotate all the obscure references. The more emotionally dependent Flaubert is both bitter and effusive, Turgenev good-humored and folksy, but the style of their letters—in English translation—is not sufficiently distinct. Since many of the rather disappointing letters contain trivial details and requisite formalities, and tend to skirt serious literary and political issues, they are not nearly as interesting as the Freud-Jung or Thomas Mann-Erich Kahler correspondence. They do not have the intuitive sympathy, vital energy, intellectual audacity, or imaginative intensity of the greatest letter writers: Byron, Keats, Lawrence.

Guy Lawrence

Flaubert, who had exalted literary standards, begins by praising the works of the "amiable barbarian" whom he found so charming and cheerful: "I have considered you a master for a long time. But the more I study you, the more your skill leaves me gaping. . . . Your *Scenes from Russian Life* make me want to be shaken alone in a *telega* [cart] through snow-covered fields, to the sound of wolves howling." And Turgenev, who later described the all-enveloping boredom in Russia and his solitary confinement in a czarist cell, genially replied: "There are few men, particularly French men, with whom I feel so relaxed and at ease and yet at the same time so stimulated. . . . We are a pair of moles burrowing away in the same direction."

Turgenev translated Flaubert's *Three Tales* into Russian and listened to Flaubert read his works when they met. Flaubert believed that Turgenev was "the only man in existence really devoted to literature," and poured out a lava of anger in letters to his sympathetic friend. Flaubert insists that Théophile Gautier "died poisoned by the filth of modern life." He is "overwhelmed by public Stupidity," feels "a wave of relentless Barbarism rising up from below the ground," and hopes "to be dead before all [he values] is swept away." Yet he wants to live long enough, at least, to empty "a few more buckets of sh-- on the heads of my fellow men." A slight ray of hope appears when a distinguished French nobleman is arrested for sodomy, and "judges' robes hang over the latrines"—"Such stories cheer one up and help to make life bearable." Turgenev agrees that France is "an engine that's heading full steam into an abyss, while the driver quietly scratches his backside."

Flaubert's literary response to public stupidity was the self-defeating *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, which he worked on during the last decade of his life. Turgenev shrewdly predicted the book

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would be monotonous and boring, but Flaubert defended his gigantic conception: "I don't share your opinion as to how the subject should be dealt with. If it's done briefly, with a concise, light touch, it will be a more or less witty fantasy, but will lack impact and verisimilitude, whereas if it's detailed and developed, it can become a serious and even frightening thing." Several years later he acknowledged: "It's the very conception of the book that worries me. . . . *B. & P.* are wearing me out. Frankly, I can't take any more."

When the decay of their bodies matched the disintegration of the world, both writers expressed profound pessimism about fate, suffering, and death. Turgenev—impotent, old, gouty, and crippled—lamented that "Illness, slow disgust, painful stirrings of useless memories are all that await us once we're past the age of fifty." The genius of George Sand, he said, was reduced by death to a "horrible relentless hole in the ground, silent and stupid, that doesn't even know what it's devouring."

Flaubert's "fanatical devotee," Guy de Maupassant, whose still unrecognized syphilis was secretly eating away at his hair and stomach, provided the best summary of the passionate intellectual friendship of Turgenev and Flaubert: "These two men love each other through their sympathy of genius, universal knowledge, and shared habits of thought. A convergence of literary tendencies, exalted ideals, admiration, and erudition established between them many points of perpetual contact." □

FILM

TOMFOOLERY 10 SATIRE 0

John Simon

SATIRE, which Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* purports to be, requires Swiftian *saeva indignatio*: the savage indignation of a good hater. Mazursky, however, is a mushbrained lover who cannot ridicule anything without falling in love with it. But there are no satirists in the Salvation Army. How could Mazursky, who wouldn't hurt a fly or a dyed-in-the-wool villain, skewer humanity? The only things he has made shish kebab of are the major works he has chosen to remake—or not so much remake as undo: *8½* into *Alex in Wonderland*, *Jules and Jim* into *Willie and Phil*, *The Tempest* into *Tempest*.

Now, with Leon Capetanos, the co-scenarist for his last two dreadful movies, he has remade *Boudu Saved from Drowning* (1932), Jean Renoir's tougher movie version of a boulevard comedy by René Fauchois. There is disingenuousness in the very credits: Mazursky acknowledges Fauchois's play, but not Renoir's film, although the play is unfindable even in French, much less in English. But Mazursky must have read somewhere that the play, unlike the film, has a conventionally happy ending, nearer in spirit to what he has tried to do.

Having had the idea for *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, Mazursky found himself, as he told an interviewer for the *Denver Post*, "immediately challenged by a whole set of realities." I doubt very much whether Mazursky, in all his filmmaking days, ever encountered a whole set of realities; if he did, you may be sure he did not recognize them. His specialty is to take a core of sentimental goo and coat it with either bittersweet nostalgia or crude jokes—preferably both. If you want a quick, easy lesson in spotting the difference between art and pseudo-art, compare two films about old men and their pets: De Sica's *Umberto D.* and Mazursky's *Harry and Tonto* (one of our director's better efforts); the disparity will hit you smack between the eyes.

Down and Out starts with Jerry, a bum, wandering through Beverly Hills only to be abandoned by his mutt: A woman jogger gives him a tidbit and, thinking him a stray, takes him home with her. Already the tone is set. In Renoir's film, the dog simply disappears; here, dog and jogger meet cute, and we feel reassured that the mangy mutt has improved his condition. Jerry, who on a filth and disreputability scale of one to ten would rate a mere four, proceeds to behave like a madman (though later he will prove pre-eminently sane), and pesters the customers at an outdoor restaurant with loud demands that they return his dog. Finally, for no very good reason, he picks the pool of Dave and Barbara Whiteman's house to drown himself in, even though there is a much more convenient nearby ocean at his disposal. For ballast, he loads his pockets with rocks; you'd think the ones in his head would have sufficed.

When Dave, a humanitarian millionaire clothes-hanger manufacturer, pulls him out of the pool and installs him in the poolside *cabaña*, Jerry may have merely gone from the heated pool into the fire: The household he further incenses is already crazy enough. Dave (Richard Dreyfuss) is tortured with guilt feelings about his prosperity; Barbara (Bette Midler), is your typical rich, sexually unfulfilled California housewife, condemned to gurus and shopping malls; son Max, a transvestite given to preening in tutus and filming everything that goes on around him, can communicate with his parents only through MTV-style videotapes; daughter Jenny is anorectic and insists on going to East Coast colleges, which she changes frequently; Carmen, the maid, services Dave with full-blown sexuality but is nevertheless full of Chicano discontent; worst of all, Matisse, the border collie, has gone over the edge into sociopathy, terrorizes everyone, and is

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being unsuccessfully treated by a dog psychiatrist.

Note, however, that all these fundamentally lovable people have good and sufficiently stereotypical reasons for suffering: too much money, too little communication, not enough love. Poor Barbara complains of not having had an orgasm in nine and a half years; by casting Bette Midler in the role, Mazursky makes this sound like the film's only understatement. Even when these good folk and their guests end a party by jumping fully clothed into the swimming pool (albeit without rocks in their pockets), we are given to understand that this is not merely funny (which, incidentally, it isn't), but also touching: a need to experience, to feel, to live. Contrast this with a similar scene in Bruce Beresford's *Don's Party*, where you can see what real boredom, frustration, and human insufficiency are like. Mazursky's people are not acutely, only cutely, crazy, like that adorably snarling and amusingly biting pooch, Matisse (although his black-and-white markings are more Motherwell or Kline than *fauve*), and all it will take to cure them is a lovable and loving derelict.

Jerry promptly displays remarkable sanity, astuteness, and therapeutic skills.

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

According to Stephen Haseler, professor of government at the City of London Polytechnic: "[Anti-Americanism] is more keenly felt in the mid-1980s than at any other time since the United States emerged from the Second World War as a superpower. And it is no passing phenomenon: Anti-Americanism is here to stay, as long as the United States retains its powerful role on the world stage. How the country deals with this challenge will be a fundamental test of its superpower status." In fact, Haseler—a founding member of the new Social Democratic Party and a former deputy mayor of Greater London—has written a brief book on the subject, published in the United States by the Ethics and Public Policy Center (1030 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $5), with a 386-word foreword by Midge Decter, in which he concludes that anti-Americanism is essentially a reaction, not to America nor even to bourgeois capitalism, but to the idea of democratic society itself.

Dismissing as naïve the consternation of the editors of *Newsweek* upon discovering that Iranians appeared not to love or even like Americans, Haseler begins by identifying what anti-Americanism is not, and by explaining why it is that most of these bogus manifestations of the real thing should not disturb us. Anti-Americanism, he insists, is not necessarily the basis of policy disputes between the U.S. and its allies; it is not to be confused with honest re-assessments by "foreign publics and elites" of which side in the war for the world is the winning one; it cannot be presumed to be the impetus behind a country's attempt at railroading Washington into permitting it some national advantage, usually of a pecuniary nature, or into granting it a presumption of independence and self-determination. That is not to say, of course, that in the case of all or even most of these misunderstandings the United States is guilty and its disputants blameless—merely that at the bottom of many such *contretemps* lies not irrational bias but enlightened, even respectable, self-interest.

In its crudest form, anti-Americanism ("primitive anti-Americanism") is no more than resentment, based on envy and masquerading as moral indignation at "American imperialism." Even at this level, of course, Marxist-Leninist ideology is at work, yet it is a fig-leaf only, a vain disguise and a pretext: Nobody, Haseler argues in his chapter "The Demise of Communist Anti-Americanism," believes any longer in either the moral or the technical supremacy of the Soviet Union in particular or Communism in general. Paradoxically, however, "As the ideology of Communism dies, anti-Americanism becomes simply destructive, critical, and bitter, and such negativism becomes an ideology in itself." Haseler pursues the point:

> Unlike anti-American rioting in the Third World or "peace demonstrations" in Western Europe, the persistent and growing ideological assault against the United States should be taken seriously. This intellectual attack is really a non-Communist repudiation of liberal democratic capitalism and its attendant values. It is based neither upon ephemeral rage nor upon specific policies: Instead it represents a fundamental and enduring opposition to the course that American society has taken over two centuries. Perhaps "ideology" is too strong a term: "impulse" might be more accurate. This Western anti-Americanism is slippery and subtle, rarely overtly expressed, certainly less coherent than other traditional isms. Even so it remains the dominant intellectual framework of much of the Western and Westernized intelligentsia.

Haseler traces much of this animus to conservative and reactionary tendencies still prevalent among certain European social and intellectual classes as well as, of course, in the ruling elite of most Third World countries, the first group arguing that "the rise of the masses" destroys culture, the second that it destroys everything else (including them). Ultimately, then, anti-Americanism is "the product of a debate about the nature and development of Western man"—with representatives of the Soviet Union and its satrapies listening in, ready to capture by microphone and amplify hugely whatever arguments happen to fit its needs of the moment.

There is, therefore, a sense in which anti-Americanism begins at home: "not in the sense that its exponents primarily live and work in the United States but rather in the sense that anti-Americanism can flourish only if Americans themselves either choose to believe what others say about them, or, alternatively, come to be dependent on the approval of others." Thus, in the "complacent" Fifties, anti-Americanism was at a low ebb, while today, in the "concerned" Eighties, it is running higher than ever before. If it is true, therefore, that hatred of the United States is intimately associated with hatred of democratic society and free government, Haseler is indeed correct in predicting that, in an increasingly authoritarian world, America will have still more ill-wishers. As a sympathetic Englishman, his advice to us for the coming years is as follows: "Americans should no longer care about being liked. They should seek to be trusted and respected instead." □

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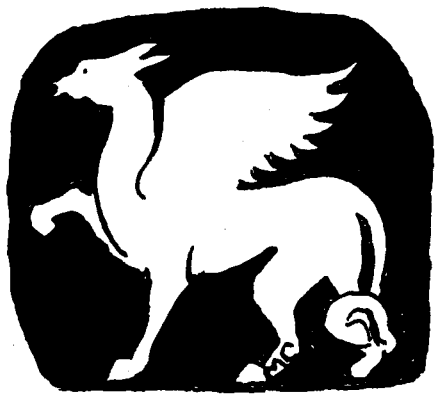
He can play Debussy on the piano as soothingly as he recites apt passages from Shakespeare; he is as adept at yoga as at what appears to be Reichian therapy: The orgasm he gives Barbara does wonders even for the Whiteman garden, where the sprinkler system goes off in unison with her. He regales Dave with tall tales about how he became a bum, which confirm the millionaire in his zeal to right enormous wrongs, so that he forgives Jerry for making love to his wife and even for stealing the maid from him. Besides, Barbara is now so filled with love that she makes the garden of conjugal sex grow again, even as the reading matter Jerry plies Carmen with raises her political consciousness into soul-satisfying Marxism. For Max, Jerry has a butch, fatherly bit of man-to-man advice, which promptly reconciles both the boy and his family to his picturesque homosexuality. When Jenny comes home on vacation, Jerry ecstatically seduces her, too, which automatically reanimates her grosser appetite for food along with her nobler passion for him. Best of all, Matisse, who immediately took to Jerry, can now dispense with his shrink even as Barbara with her guru: It is under Jerry's tutelage that the family, their friends, and the blissful dog achieve Shantih by running barefoot over a bed of glowing coals.

Matisse is the perfect ready-made symbol: His erect ear points heavenward; his other, floppy one is of the earth, earthy. Somewhat tautologically, he has one sky-blue eye and one meadow-green one. (In real life, such dichotomies are harder to resolve, it having taken two canine lookalikes, Mike and Davey, to portray Matisse.) Thanks to Mazursky, Capetanos, and his trainer, the dog is as anthropomorphized as the people around him, salivating at Jerry's bidding, are cynomorphic. But Jerry is not an exploiter or, like Renoir's Boudu, an anarchic vandal: When an ostracized Iranian neighbor child looks wistfully over the dividing wall, Jerry is as quick to toss an apple at him as he is, later on, to divest himself of the $500 the rich Iranian father rewards him with. There is too much sweetness and light here for an old-style Disney kiddy adventure movie, never mind a satire. Incidentally, the film is distributed by Touchstone Films, Disney's "adult" line, which also gave us *Splash*.

But Mazursky's softness of heart and other parts makes itself felt even in an episode one would have thought foolproof, where Dave lets Jerry introduce him to his fellow bums on the beach for an evening and night of shared fun. No social comment of any sort, let alone satirical thrust, emerges from this; the payoff is Dave's proud declaration to the worried Barbara, who didn't know what happened to him, "I ate garbage and loved it!" (Needless to say, we don't see this; it might offend.) To which Barbara angrily replies that he can go on eating garbage from now on. All this is not satire, only low-grade farce.

Richard Dreyfuss, however, does manage to give a decent performance as Dave; as Jerry (about whose true identity and real problems we learn nothing), Nick Nolte is merely boring in a way pioneered by Kris Kristofferson. No one else distinguishes himself, and even the dog (or dogs) overacts (or overact). Tracy Nelson, as Jenny, is especially irritating with her inexpressive face, mannered performance, and anorectic voice. And Bette Midler, with *her* endowments, should hold out for a genuine freak show rather than settle for Mazursky's version of it. The director has even gentrified the gifted Australian cinematographer Don McAlpine into Donald McAlpine, and set him to shooting, for example, blue-and-pink skies that look like a cotton-candy monster about to gobble up the people in the foreground.

At the final party, Max, *en travesti*, shows up with his outlandish drag-queen friends, which, again, is all sight gag and no satire. Jerry decides to go off with Matisse, but when the pooch refuses to eat vagabond's cuisine, the pair promptly retraces its few freedom-bound steps toward the Whitemans and Carmen, all of whom, bereaved and tearful, have trooped out into the street to see them off. Jerry will stay on, presumably to service wife, daughter, and maid sexually, and the menfolk spiritually. What the unthinking Mazursky intended as a sappy, sentimental ending turns out to be the nearest the film gets to satire: It is heartlessly amoral for anyone not too brainless to think it through. □



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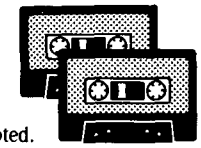

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SOUND ON DISC

THE 'SMALLER' MUSIC

Ralph de Toledano

WHEN INVIDIOUS comparisons are made between the "larger" and "smaller" forms of music, I like to recall that Brahms took more than a casual view of ragtime; that the conductor Ernest Ansermet in 1919 saw in the jazz arabesques of Sidney Bechet the music of the future; that Shostakovich incorporated the strains of "Tea for Two" into one of his compositions (ditto Khachaturian with Rodgers & Hart's "Lover"); that Stravinsky wrote an *Ebony Concerto* for the Woody Herman dance band; and that Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* has become a concert-hall standard.

But in a sense, this misses the point. What is of greater significance is that on their own, the "smaller" forms—whether they be jazz and blues, the *cante hondo*, the existentialist songs of the St.-Germain *boîtes*, or the evocations of the Tin Pan Alley minnesingers—have a place in the pantheon of music. The "smaller" music does not, like that of Beethoven and Berlioz, storm the citadel of Heaven or hack its way to the soul, but it has its rich vocabulary with which to address the human condition.

Take, for example, the music of Mezz Mezzrow. Born Milton Mesirow, of Russian-Jewish immigrant parents, Mezz grew up in the urban jungles of Chicago, learning to play the clarinet in reform school. His Torah and Talmud were the instrumental blues that moved up from New Orleans during World War I. For him—and he could be more than a little abrasive on the subject—black was not only beautiful but all there was in jazz. In his lifetime, he made only a scattering of records—most notably the extraordinary and historic sides he cut for Hugues Panassié, the French jazz critic and *régisseur*, which brought together Sidney Bechet, Tommy Ladnier, James P. Johnson, and other caretakers of the blues-*cum*-New Orleans genius.

Mezz dominated every record he made—his clarinet ranging from a warm *chalumeau* register so typical of New Orleans clarinet to the reedy vibratos of the high, and surging with his inexhaustible inventions and his empathy with the tradition that obsessed him. His best recording, an LP entitled *Mezz Mezzrow*, now rescued from oblivion by DRG Records (157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019), which is lovingly reissuing much of the great jazz stored away in the vaults of Disques Swing and French and British Pathé, was recorded in Paris at the Schola Cantorum in the mid-Fifties when New Orleans jazz was considered dead.

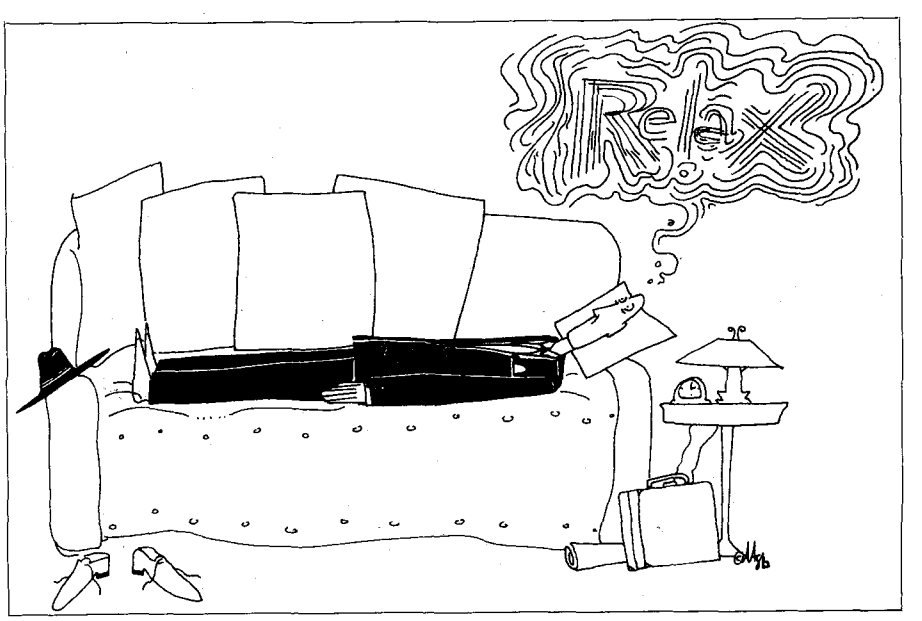
Mezz is backed by a small group of French musicians who understood what New Orleans was about often far better than their American counterparts, and together they capture the spirit and the letter, the mind and the guts, of what was the source of all jazz. Two slow and two fast blues make up the album, and they seize and hold the plangency and the exhilaration, the involved musical textures that have not really been heard since the days when the riverboats brought to Chicago the Louis Armstrongs, the Johnny Dodds, the Jimmie Noones, the Zutty Singletons, and their *kleine Nachtmusik* (DRG-Disques Swing SW 8409).

Jazz evolved as it moved, its instrumental techniques becoming smoother and more sophisticated—and this found its apotheosis in the four-to-the-bar music of the small bands that played in the basement clubs of New York's 52nd Street until bebop corrupted it and rock killed it. The best of it was quiet and restrained—a distillate and purification of Harlem big-band jazz—tightly arranged but with wide latitude for the solo performer. A DRG release from French Pathé masters, *Eartha Kitt, Doc Cheatham, Bill Coleman* comes from the top drawer of this genre. (Be not dismayed by the "Eartha Kitt" of the album's title; she is unobtrusive as the vocalist on four cuts, with none of the show-biz brash that later brought her fame as a showcased "stylist.")

Neither Doc Cheatham nor Bill Coleman ever made the *Downbeat* polls of the Thirties and Forties. They were musicians' musicians, better known to the *aficionados* of the Hot Club de France than to a wide American jazz public. Their trumpet playing was always in perfect taste, eschewing the pyrotechnics that mar so much jazz horn—marked by clean intonation and a light vibrato, improvisations that strayed only slightly from the melody, and the subtlest of phrasing. In this album, their style is beautifully defined on "Doc's Blues" (Cheatham) and "Blues in My Heart" (Coleman). Color it memorable (DRG SW 8410).

It is not as great a leap as it might seem from jazz to Gilbert Bécaud, Paris's *monsieur cent mille volts*. Singer, composer, arranger, lyricist, *Résistance* fighter, antic performer, and star of the French music halls, Bécaud was just a reputation to me until I heard *Mon copain*, DRG's sampler of his best work—a successor to the post-St.-Germain school that produced Juliette Greco, Edith Piaf, Germaine Montéro, and Jacques Prévert.

I confess that I was surprised by how deeply moved, affected, and joyed I am by this cigarette-and-whisky-voiced present-day *trouvère* whose style



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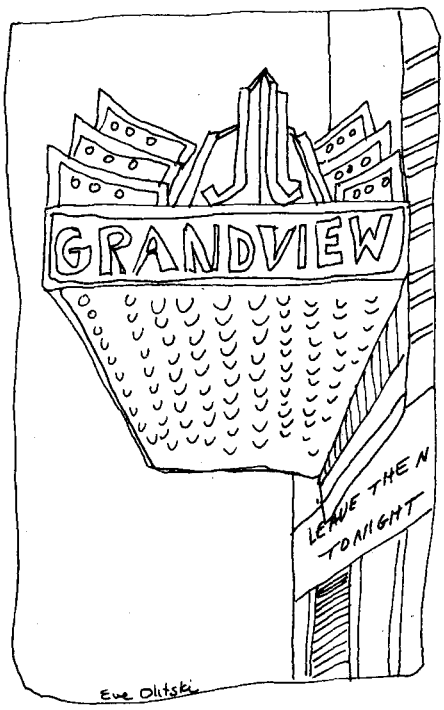

combines singing and speaking, who hits the downbeat of each measure like a drum, and whose Gallic bravura touches the anguish of love and irony and death. "*Je me fous de la fin du monde et j'aimerai pas la fin de toi*," Bécaud sings—but it is not necessary to understand the words. The mood and the meaning are in the delivery—a delivery full of the shock of recognition. You find it in the sung blues and in the flamenco (DRG 52L 5199).

Other DRG albums of interest:

Lena Horne. This is a batch of lovely standards, recorded in 1962, when the lady's interests were still in music and performance, not political activism. Lena Horne walked the thin line between jazz and pop, but she gives her all to such great tunes as "Stormy Weather," the Ellington-Webster "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," the rollicking "The Lady Is a Tramp," and "Love Me or Leave Me."

Together with Music. This is an "archive recording" of that TV special by Noël Coward and Mary Martin. It loses something without the video, but Null is always witty and delightful, though Mary Martin can never match him. They fondly traverse the Coward *œuvre* and some pleasant oldies.

Alberta Hunter. One of the genuine old blues singers, Alberta Hunter went polite, but in her old age returned to belt them out again. These recordings were made with a British dance orchestra that had not yet been vitalized by visiting American jazzmen, and Alberta Hunter is equally pallid. But as a period piece it merits attention.

Cut! Volumes 1 and 2. These are outtakes from some of the unforgettable movie musicals. They feature a galaxy of the singers who made these musicals a part of our culture. You will find Judy Garland, June Allyson, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly, and many others in songs that, for one reason or another, were cut from the sound tracks. Nostalgic and fun. □

THE GIMLET EYE

GERALDINE FERRARO

D. Keith Mano

SHE CAME TO Sutton Place Synagogue, where the Jew can worship God, and politicians can worship the Jew. Rather a sensual woman, in her grey DA haircut and St. Croix tan. Shallow-bright enough: tougher than the average liquor-store grille. Geraldine Ferraro is not an effective speaker really: she talks overfast, with throw-away emphasis and run-on sentence style, as if counting the lecture fee half aloud. Her political canary died one day after she was chosen by Mondale, just about. Geraldine Ferraro is a Trivial Pursuit question for the year 2050: hardly much more than that.

But she still represents the Democratic center-left. I'd like to scope out a phrase or three from her lecture now. We should remember the venue, of course: all politicians sound more sensible, about Russia in particular, when addressing a Jewish audience. Remember, too, that Mrs. Ferraro has probably done some kind of post-mortem on her bubble career by this time—and sees no significant elective office ahead. That can improve candor and free up the calculating heart.

Re her Russian junket: "Even their best experts seem to have no idea how public opinion really shapes the policies of our country." Read great frustration there. Democratic liberals visit Moscow in an *advisory* role: This-is-how-to-improve-your-Harris-Poll-rating. If necessary, they'd pass Gorbachev the ACU mailing list. But Russia has become a Vulgar Empire: lousy public image. After Poland, Afghanistan, Jewish repression, KAL 007 (and Republican profit therefrom), liberals are set to ask for their old engagement ring back. Worse than running with Zaccaro. No matter how cynical this adjustment might be, it is still a major advance for clarity. See below.

"You know all those outrageous stories about the KGB, the microphone in the chandelier. They're true." A wonderful statement: note how many logical dislocations are required to sustain it. First, the word "outrageous." In this context, naturally, it stands for "right-wing." Outrageous, gross, unbelievable but *true*. True, yet there is no attendant admission that conservative estimates of the KGB were accurate. (And, to underscore liberal thought pathology here, I can't believe Mrs. Ferraro just discovered this. It sure wasn't a revelation for her audience.) She has said, in effect, What-poor-taste-this-shouldn't-be-true-but-it-is. Finally, "outrageous" refers to conservative style, as characterized by the Left. You don't publish such "truth," it might antagonize our Soviet comrades. Next we'll hear: Yes, you can find a Communist under every bed, but he is just hot-patching the water mattress.

"I must say that—at least for the first month when I came back—I gave the most patriotic, table-thumping

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speeches you'd ever want to hear about America." Operative phrase there: "at least for the first month." Liberal politicians should be processed through Moscow on a thirty-day cycle. Their attention span is short.

President Reagan had said that he would allow no replay of the Carter hostage fiasco. "And two weeks later their embassy was bombed—our embassy was bombed." Expressive slip, that. When people get killed during the Reagan Administration, they aren't American. Those were Republican dead.

"I haven't seen them [the UN] solve too many problems." The Left has begun to lose patience with Gondwanaland and Mu. They keep voting against Israel, darn it. Another "outrageous" boost up for clarity.

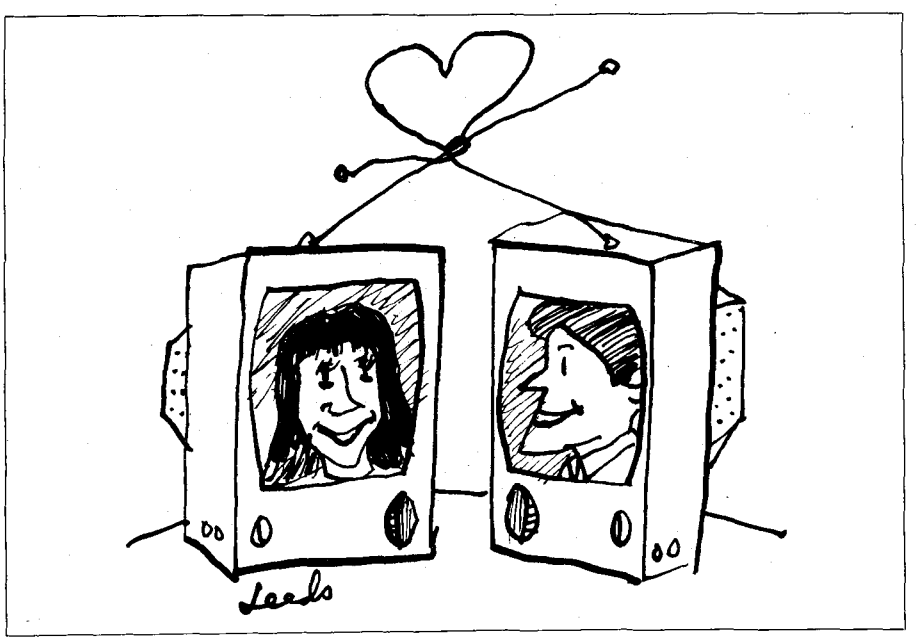
"You know what'll happen in the Philippines, if there's not a democratic election that removes Marcos." Mrs. Ferraro brought this up gratuitously, while being interrogated about Central America. Meaning: When they revolt in Luzon, don't expect us to appropriate cash for yet another *Contra* movement. The Philippines will soon play at a liberal flagship theater near you. And Reagan better do some formula-one thinking about it soon. They intend to bury Marcos on the South Lawn.

"You can't just speak up when it's safe. Where the people aren't people you like—like the Soviet Union." This reverses a conservative locution. Selective liberal indignation against Chilean or South African intolerance: selective amnesia about Soviet repression. Plagiarism is the highest form of flummery. Could it be that conservatism has begun to develop an effective buzz track?

"I thought they [women] would vote on the issues. They voted just the way the men did—their pocketbooks." Her most provocative remark by far, sinuous and impertinent as it may be. Let me try to spot-weld her logic here. 1) "Pocketbook." This is apparently a pejorative word. Pocketbooks and idealism don't cohabit well. 2) Your pocketbook is never an "issue." Not to Tip O'Neill anyhow. The usual disdain of socialists for self-interest. 3) She expected women to be more idealistic—i.e., barefoot, dumb, and unaware of the rousing tax burden. Spoken by a man, this formulation would bristle with sexism. 4) Yet the inference is inescapable and she doesn't deny it: Rule by Democrats costs more. And Reagan did project a more responsible approach to the economic shark grip. 5) America, male female, has disappointed Geraldine Ferraro. Nonetheless, presume that the 1988 Democratic presidential candidate will feign interest in thrift. Just when Ted Kennedy was going to propose a 15 per cent tax on teenage allowances.

Someone asked Mrs. Ferraro for her definition of human rights. "Free from economic deprivation. Free from concern about the environment. Free to express feelings." A stranger trio than Moe, Shemp, and Curly. The first two, note, are free *froms*. Only hospital-size state intervention could implement those. As for feelings . . . Typical of liberalism to favor emotion over uncompassionate thought. That's how the Supreme Court has reinterpreted constitutional law, by "feeling" it.

I put this question to Mrs. Ferraro afterward: Why had she not once spoken about Russian persecution of Christians? "I just didn't bring it up. But you don't see the same amount of pressure put on by those people. You don't see them as being put in jail for the same thing as Jews are." Good night, Geraldine. I guess Christians are so numerous in America that they just don't represent a constituency. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stained Glass Elegies, by Shusaku Endo, translated by Van C. Gessel (Dodd, Mead, 165 pp., $13.95)

THIS IS ONE of those rare instances when a book's title is perfectly appropriate to its contents, for, in this delicately wrought collection of stories, the most ordinary aspects of life are viewed as if through stained glass, revealing previously unseen colors and shadings. In addition, Endo's prose has the elegance and economy of poetry. Each word is weighted with meaning. Endo writes of "Old Friends," "The War Generation," "Mothers," and an unloved wife in "My Belongings," but one theme, the dichotomy of Christianity in Japan, is predominant in most of these stories. Endo, who is himself a Christian, seems almost obsessed with the persecution of early Japanese Christians and, in particular, with the relationship between those who died for their faith and those who recanted it rather than die. In "Unzen," the protagonist, Suguro, who figures in a number of the stories, has traveled from Tokyo to view the site where Christians had once been burned to death. Suguro is fascinated by the bravery of one band of martyrs, but he is even more fascinated by one of their number who denied his faith to escape death, yet felt compelled to watch his friends die. Suguro discovers several charred stones beneath the black earth at the center of the execution ground. "Although he had no way of knowing whether these stones had been used here three hundred years before when seven Christians had been burned at

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the stake, he hurriedly snatched up one of the stones and put it in his pocket. Then, his spine bent like Kichijiro's [the recanter], he walked back toward the road." The figure of the recanted Christian who follows his friends with sorrow and longing appears in several of Endo's stories. Illness and hospitals also figure in a number of these stories. In "A Forty-Year-Old Man," the recurring character Suguro is in the hospital for surgery for the third time in three years. He fears that he will die and reflects on the impersonality of death in hospitals. "People sometimes wonder *when* they will die, Suguro realized. But they never give much thought to *where* they will breathe their last. No matter who dies in a hospital, the staff handle death as if they were mailing a package at the post office." The stories in *Stained Glass Elegies* are meant to be read slowly and savored.

NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

Eminent Victorian Soldiers, by Byron Farwell (Norton, 367 pp. $17.95)

THERE WAS NOT a single year in Queen Victoria's long reign, from 1837 to 1901, when her soldiers were not fighting and dying somewhere in the world," Byron Farwell writes by way of introduction to this study of the lives of eight generals. Mr. Farwell, an unapologetic and lusty stylist, here carries on in the tradition of his own *Queen Victoria's Little Wars* and *Mr. Kipling's Army*. He tells the stories of professional soldiers who loved war, who would even "travel great distances at their own expense in the hope of being allowed to take part in campaigns," and who counted themselves lucky to be living in an age "that provided them with battles in such profusion." The first of the military heroes covered here, Hugh Gough, was born in 1779; the last, Herbert Kitchener, died in 1916. They fought in every corner of the Empire, and against Russians, Burmese, Chinese, Indians, Sikhs, Ashantis, Egyptians, Zulus, Afghans, Sudanese, and Boers. They usually commanded small forces, but they led with a sense of moral superiority and absolute fearlessness; indeed, on one occasion, when Hugh Gough was informed that ammunition was running low, he exclaimed, "Thank God! Then I'll be at them with the bayonet," the bayonet charge being his favorite method of carrying the day. They fought under frightful conditions and amidst awful scenes of bloodletting, yet managed to take joy in battle. Farwell goes well beyond the gore, however, and recounts, among others, the bizarre life of Charles "Chinese" Gordon, the politicking of Garnet Wolseley, and the sad case of Hector Macdonald, who committed suicide rather than face a trial and the exposure of his sexual preferences. Farwell understands these warriors, avoids revisionist judgments, and knows how to spin a yarn.

JOE MYSAK

Table of Contents, by John McPhee (Farrar, 293 pp., $15.95)

THOUGH THE DEATH of E. B. White last fall left us the poorer, still we have John McPhee at *The New Yorker* to carry on in White's tradition with no diminution of power and grace. Of the dozen and a half collections of his reportage published since *A Sense of Where You Are* (1965), on professional basketball player (now senator from New Jersey) Bill Bradley, this latest one sustains the general excellence. It reflects McPhee's continuing interest in the natural aspect of this world, and he writes about natural things almost for love's sake alone and not in the disgruntled mode of some latter-day Thoreau. The opening essay in *Table of Contents*, "Under the Snow," illustrates McPhee's beautifully controlled state of mind and temperament. It also exhibits his characteristic talent for getting unusual stories out of seemingly common materials—in this case, the revelation of the many black bears' dens in Pennsylvania. A precise and lovely prose describes a state biologist reaching into a den whose sow has been calmed by the hypodermic jab stick: "From deeps of shining fur, he fished out cubs." This is a disarming kind of simplicity. As more or less fugitive pieces, however, the essays do not give us the unity of such McPhee masterpieces as *The Pine Barrens* (1968), *The Survival of the Bark Canoe* (1975), and *Coming into the Country* (1977), but there are prime choices here for a new edition of William H. Howarth's fine collection, published in 1976. With what has been called our greatest magazine going into decline, John McPhee may nowadays be *The New Yorker*'s solitary boast.

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EASE UP ON THE CHALLENGER

NEW YORK, FEB. 21

THIS MORNING'S headline reads, "Investigator / Says Booster / Temperature / Was 'Absurd.'" So is becoming absurd the feverish investigation into the tragedy of the space shuttle *Challenger*. Not because it is absurd to inquire into the causes of accidents, but because the spirit of this inquiry gives off unhealthy odors, one part Luddite, one part ideological, one part opportunistic.

Here is some perspective on the *Challenger* accident.

On May 2, 1953, 37 passengers and six crew members of a BOAC Comet jetliner were killed when the aircraft crashed, in a storm, thirty miles from Calcutta, India.

On January 10, 1954, a second British Comet exploded off Elba, killing 35 persons. The Comet was grounded, investigations conducted, and its airworthiness certificate renewed on March 23.

On April 8 of the same year, a third Comet jet airliner crashed into the Mediterranean near Capri, en route from Rome to Cairo, killing 21 persons.

There followed a painstaking investigation that resulted in the reconstruction of virtually the entire plane, seined up from the bottom of the Mediterranean. And then the awful verdict: The British Comet was not strong enough, structurally, to sustain the pressure of jet flight. The British had counted on its Comet to spearhead the new age of aviation. The rebuff was of historical consequence.

Because, of course, the Americans took over, and in four years' time, Boeing released its 707 jet. The first international passenger flight of that jet, in 1958, was not without drama. Halfway across the ocean, at 35,000 feet, the captain and the copilot ambled aft to socialize with the celebrities on board to enjoy the first experience. Suddenly the aircraft nosedived. By extraordinary exertion, the captain groped his way toward the cockpit, an act of physical prowess comparable to climbing a ladder with a two-hundred-pound pack on your back, contending as he was against a force of several g's. He reached the stick when the plane was only a few thousand feet from the ocean. A half-minute later the plane would have disappeared, the passengers dead, and jet aviation—by the estimate of some contemporary critics—set back by ten years. The assumption would have been: Look, you just can't take an aircraft large enough for a couple of hundred people, and fly it at the speed of the jet. Nature has told us no, first as regards the Comet, now as regards the Boeing 707. Instead, the FAA promulgated a couple of rules. One of them rejiggered the autopilot, removing the kink that had almost destroyed the plane. The second specified (and still does) that the pilot and the copilot may not simultaneously be away from the controls.

We are treating the *Challenger* crisis as though it had brought into question our entire space program. Soviet leaders, whose concern for human life caused within the Kremlin a lachrymose convulsion over the loss of seven Americans, suggested that the only way to atone for their death was to cancel our space-shield program. The President set up something on the order of the Warren Commission, which was convened to discover the story behind the assassination of John F. Kennedy. We are reading melodramatic reports on whether a change in outdoor temperature of three degrees was enough to weaken the O-rings in the booster, causing the fatal leak.

WE SHOULD of course continue the investigation. But the penumbral gloom and pessimism are simply not objectively justified. NASA undoubtedly has in it people who are capable of making mistakes. After all, surgeons occasionally leave their screwdrivers inside their patients' stomachs. But surely the point to bear in mind, alongside the spectacular and petrifying loss of the lives of seven Americans, is the performance of NASA over the years. It was less than thirty years ago that our space program consisted of rockets that acted like boomerangs off Florida beaches. Ten years later, we landed a man on the moon. The fatal flight was the 25th space shuttle. A total of ten lives have been lost in the entire space program. In safety, it compares with the peacetime use of nuclear energy.

And reminds us a little of it: the morbid glee with which, upon receiving any report anywhere of one and one-half more roentgens in the blood of one white mouse than is normal, they will shut down Three Mile Island for a couple of decades. The space program, and its corollaries, among them the dream of defying aggressive missiles carrying nuclear explosives, is properly interrupted by the event of January 28 for the sake of non-hysterical review; it ought never to be challenged as intrinsically deficient, or even problematic. □

TRIVIAL PURSUITS

NEW YORK, FEB. 26

IF ONE CAN take leave of Manila and Johannesburg for just a moment, in search of a trivial pursuit or two, I like the one about the concert at Spaso House, which is the residence of the American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Arthur Hartman being the incumbent. In 1979, Vladimir Feltsman was 27 years old and was taking the music-loving world by storm as a pianist. But in addition to being an artist, he was also a Jewish dissident who asked permission for him and his wife to leave the Soviet Union and go to Israel. The Soviet government answered this request by, in effect, closing down the lid of his piano. Suddenly there were no invitations to play.

Recently, Ambassador Hartman organized a concert at Spaso House to which he invited a couple of hundred people to hear Feltsman play. And what do you know! Some "vandals" broke into Spaso House and tore a bunch of strings out of the piano. Now if you know Spaso House, as I happen to know Spaso House, you will know that Spaso House plus Soviet security makes the possibility of a vandal roaming into its living room to wreck the piano about as likely as a vandal roaming into Fort Knox and leaving a few graffiti on our little stock of gold bricks. Nevertheless, the concert went on—a technician did emergency work on the piano—and the starving artist had a night of the soul, displaying his covert art. There were refreshments afterward, and the Feltsmans departed Spaso House to drive home, but they couldn't, dammit. Some vandals had slashed the tires of their automobile.

Two days later, we had one of those dramatic exchanges across the Glienicke Bridge, which links Potsdam and West Berlin. Anatoly Shcharansky got his freedom, after eight years in Gulag. His crime was

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that he had publicly urged compliance by the Soviet Union with the Helsinki Pact, that hopeless instrument we all signed in 1975, the terms of which conferred legitimacy upon Soviet territorial acquisitions after the World War, in return for the promise of a basket of freedoms for Soviet citizens. Hopeless in that it was instantly clear that the Soviet Union had no intention of living up to its commitments, not so silly in that we now have international standing to protest internal Soviet violations of human rights. But it was the staging of the exchange on Glienicke Bridge that caught the eye. We gave up five legally convicted spies for the Soviet Union. They gave us Shcharansky (oh yes, the prosecution had claimed that he was a CIA agent) and three Eastern Europeans "convicted" of various offenses in the Eastern bloc, about whom one knows nothing from the press, and therefore safely concludes that, like Shcharansky, they were innocent. When a few weeks ago President Botha flamboyantly offered to free Mandela in return for the Soviet Union's freeing Sakharov, Botha was widely, and properly, derided—on the grounds that by equating the two, he was in effect conceding that Mandela was a political prisoner, rather than a terrorist paying out a life sentence. The net effect of the picture was—as expected. The Soviet Union is being ever so obliging by giving us the freedom of a man who should never have lost his freedom in the first place.

What do we do when we really get mad? My absolute, all-time favorite is the massive action we took against Baby Doc when we agreed to lift that little sadist out of his tortured country. I'd like to have been on the scene when the American representative told the Palace that Baby and Mrs. Baby would be limited to two bags each! I mean, that is Outward Bound stuff. Two bags each wouldn't accommodate Baby Doc's fingernail extractors, let alone his portfolios of overseas investments, or her five or six hundred designer dresses. It is reported that when Baby heard this, he had a real tantrum and said in that case his abdication was all off. I mean, history has not hung on such a matter of protocol since the 1870s, when the Count of Chambord declined the throne of France because he could not get agreement to restore the all-white flag in place of the Revolution's tricolor. Did you notice how, finally, we handled that major problem? Baby was told, by one of those problem-smashers, Look, bring as much baggage as you want, and in the confusion, nobody will notice.

I note that the students of Stanford University have invited Gorbachev as a commencement speaker. One day Gorbachev pulls the strings from the piano of a Jewish dissident, next day, commencement speaker at Stanford. Why not Marcos at Berkeley? Or does the fact that Mrs. Aquino is still around rule him out? Should he have treated her like Shcharansky to earn the students' respect? □

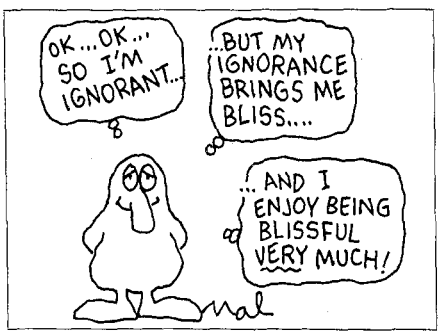
THE BUSH BUSINESS

NEW YORK, MARCH 3

ON THE FUSS currently going on over George Bush, a few observations:

1. The Vice President delivered a highly vulnerable speech when, in January, he addressed the Conservative Party's annual dinner in New York. It was bad logic to assume that, in pleading the case against anti-Italian bias, Mario Cuomo was for all intents and purposes insulting the Irish, the Jews, the English, women, and cripples. And it was utterly unfortunate that he gave the impression that the governor of a state can't, looking at the record of a man who has spent 18 years in prison for a felony murder, intelligently recommend clemency without being called soft on cop-killers by the Vice President. But my friend George Will dealt with these peccadillos as if George Bush had just shot down flight 007 over the Sea of Japan. It pays to remember that if you are President or Vice President you need to deliver one, two, sometimes three speeches in a single day. Not only are there Vice Presidents who wish they had not delivered a speech, there are speechwriters for Vice Presidents who wish they had not written a particular speech subsequently delivered. I speak as the father of a former speechwriter for the Vice President.

2. The question of whether George Bush is "really" a conservative has stirred up lively debate. The editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, Mr. Robert Bartley, has vigorously defended George Bush on this point, and there is practically nobody on the plantation better pedigreed to distinguish true conservatives from those who are merely passing. On the other hand, Richard Viguerie, a distinguished conservative activist and leader, replied massively in the *Wall Street Journal*, citing everything Bush has ever done or said with which Mr. Viguerie (and most other conservatives) would tend to disagree. One charge I found so extraordinary as to prompt me to make a telephone inquiry. Mr. Viguerie wrote that in 1970, when running for the Senate, Mr. Bush "received the support of . . . socialist economist John Kenneth Galbraith." Accosted with this, Professor Galbraith said to me that it was certainly wrong, that he "could not conceive of such an aberration." That is exactly the way to put it. Neither can we conceive of such an aberration as Professor Galbraith coming out for the right man.



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But the point to make here, surely, is that you don't really lose your license, or shouldn't lose it, if your mind impels you, from time to time, to a different conclusion from that normally associated with orthodoxy. Bush's sometime attraction to the ERA and to gun control is simply not generically disqualifying. What stands out about his record is his fidelity to the Reagan program. But, of course, the point some conservatives raise has to do with a different question: What kind of a program would Bush stand behind if Reagan were not on the scene?

3. Bush is situated much as Hubert Humphrey was situated in 1968, the Vietnam War then serving as the great polarizer. There is no equivalent issue now, and probably there won't be in 1988, i.e., an issue that finds Bush taking a position (Reagan's position) against which a tough and determined band of Republican voters rebel. For that reason he is stronger than Humphrey was, although it pays to remind ourselves that Humphrey a) was nominated; and b) damned near won the election. To be sure, he was the presumptive candidate of his party, having served as Vice President. But here Bush has very distinct problems.

4. In 1955 and again in 1959, President Eisenhower saw that he had merely to mention the possibility of someone other than Vice President Richard Nixon being nominated for President in 1960 to incur the livid rage of U.S. conservatives. A sense of institutional decorum tended to govern: If you are your party's VP, you should, next time around, be your party's presidential candidate.

But we know who broke the rules here, do we not? It was Ronald Reagan. He challenged institutional precedence by, no less, appealing to the voters to overthrow a seated Republican President. And—he very nearly succeeded. It will be very difficult for Mr. Bush, given this recent history, to say in effect that Republicans owe him the nomination because of his standing. And, by the way, utterly impossible for Ronald Reagan to suggest any such thing.

Bush will have to fight for it. And, God save us, that Republican primary fight must not cause the shedding of blood which becomes a transfusion into the anemic body of the etiolated Democratic Party. □

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GENTLEMAN, JEWISH, 33, history professor, writer, Anglophile, Manhattanite, filmgoer, theatergoer, rotten actor, tall, easygoing, steady, independent, unmaterialistic, seeks brainy, sensible gentlewoman, any background. Write about yourself to NR Box 4258.

ALBANY, N.Y., professional man, tall, 37, would like to share enjoyment of Dvorak, softball, St. Emilion, beachcombing, and more with a lovely woman. Write NR Box 4259.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

E[DWARD] BURGESS:

More Folly in D.C.

What right does the mayor of the District of Columbia have to change the name of Massachusetts Avenue to Nelson and Winnie Mandela Avenue? Nelson Mandela is an African revolutionary now serving time for criminal activities in South Africa.

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NORTH JERSEY WOMAN, 33, with looks, intelligence, and humor. College graduate, professional. Catholic, political conservative. Raising young son alone. Loves politics, a good mystery, Lake George region. Seeks intelligent, capable man for friendship, possible romance. Write NR Box 4260.

UNATTACHED, GREEN-EYED, HANDSOME, talented, professional NYC-area male, 33, seeks joyful, sophisticated female counterpart to share life. Enjoys movies, culture, games. Write NR Box 4261.

IOWA FARMER, 27, hard-working, honest, good sense of humor, yet sometimes very quiet. Likes farm life, books, cross-country skiing, rock 'n' roll. Is there a down-to-earth young woman out there who would like to write to me? Write NR Box 4262.

SUFFOLK COUNTY attractive, articulate, amiable male, 45, 5'8", 155 lbs., Christian. Interests: hiking, tennis, literature, politics. Seeks petite, comely lady for concerts, dining, travel. 516-473-7480.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, man, 37, motivated by conservative politics, seeks younger woman for conversation, sharing. Enjoys Alpine skiing, sightseeing, children. Interested in history and many intellectual pursuits. Successful in business. Write NR Box 4245.

LESS-THAN-PERFECT Midwest gentleman interested in communicating with less-than-perfect females. Interests varied: politics, writing, travel, finance. Write NR Box 4105.

SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, 30+, non-slender but most "bodacious" and attractive, with glorious red hair, spiritual, healthy, loves reading, animals, old movies; fairly sane; solvent. Wishes to meet nice NYC man of financial accomplishment, for companionship. Box 1899, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

QUICK-WITTED, attractive, NYC woman, 33. Values directness, friendship, flexibility. Enjoys reading, films, conversation, rock 'n' roll. A reply, and we'll talk. Write NR Box 4235.

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FELLOWSHIP WANTED with servants of God. I am into: human rights, current events, nutrition, and Armageddon. I am not into: ballgames, smoke, or sex. Robert Robertson, 2600 Center Street N.E., 48-C, Salem, Ore. 97310.

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FEMALE BISHOPS—The last straw? Or just the last kick of a dying heresy? Write for free essay, "How Traditional Anglicanism Will Endure within the Episcopal Church." Via Media, Box 1922, Evanston, Ill. 60204.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Makes eager — 27 103 81 55 140

B. Horror-movie staple — 128 58 99 153 26 77

C. City in eastern Russia — 75 24 48

D. New member of the galaxy — 135 71 115 17

E. How tidy folk like their whisky — 94 132 36 73

F. Compounds made from hydriodic acid — 23 74 123 40 106 6 113

G. Jimmy Durante's favorite dairy treat? (2 words) — 66 116 3 92 125 158 47 78

H. Sign of the zodiac — 67 38 18 124 157 90

I. It's vital for re-entry (2 words) — 110 82 50 137 39 70 1 146 22 95

J. Eased — 108 130 43 32 156 136

K. A planet — 5 150 155 91 42 105 9

L. Boil — 69 131 53 159 33 107

M. Gallinaceous bird — 52 64 101 8 152 114 31 84

N. Large, to NASA — 28 133 79 59 139 2 147 37 117 11

O. College in Murfreesboro, N.C. — 19 145 129 111 134 83

P. Personal holdings — 141 15 148 96 62 122

Q. City by Cayuga Lake, N.Y. — 14 44 138 119 63 93

R. Columbia is one — 35 149 21 57 109 121 86

S. Southern state — 143 89 98 151 65 118 20

T. John Glenn had three — 72 13 100 30 144 51

U. Houston athlete — 102 4 54 126 34 76

V. You need a reservation for this meeting — 87 142 7 60 46 80

W. Detroit come-ons — 97 154 120 61 16 104 49

X. Clumsy — 88 112 25 45 127 12

Y. California peak — 29 85 68 10 41 56

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 72 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 N		3 G	4 U	5 K	6 F		7 V	8 M	9 K	10 Y		11 N	12 X
13 T	14 Q	15 P	16 W	17 D		18 H	19 O	20 S	21 R	22 I	23 F	24 C	25 X	26 B
	27 A	28 N	29 Y		30 T	31 M		32 J	33 L	34 U		35 R	36 E	37 N
38 H		39 I	40 F	41 Y	42 K	43 J	44 Q	45 X	46 V	47 G		48 C	49 W	
50 I		51 T	52 M	53 L	54 U	55 A	56 Y	57 R	58 B	59 N		60 V	61 W	62 P
63 Q	64 M	65 S	66 G	67 H		68 Y		69 L	70 I	71 D	72 T	73 E	74 F	75 C
76 U		77 B	78 G	79 N	80 V	81 A	82 I	83 O		84 M	85 Y	86 R		87 V
88 X	89 S	90 H	91 K	92 G		93 Q	94 E	95 I		96 P		97 W	98 S	99 B
100T	101M	102U		103A	104W	105K		106F	107L	108J	109R	110I		111O
112X	113F		114M	115D	116G	117N	118S	119Q	120W	121R	122P		123F	124H
125G	126U		127X	128B	129O	130J	131L	132E	133N		134O	135D	136J	
137I	138Q	139N	140A	141P		142V	143S		144T	145O	146I		147N	148P
149R	150K	151S	152M		153B	154W	155K	156J		157H	158G	159L		

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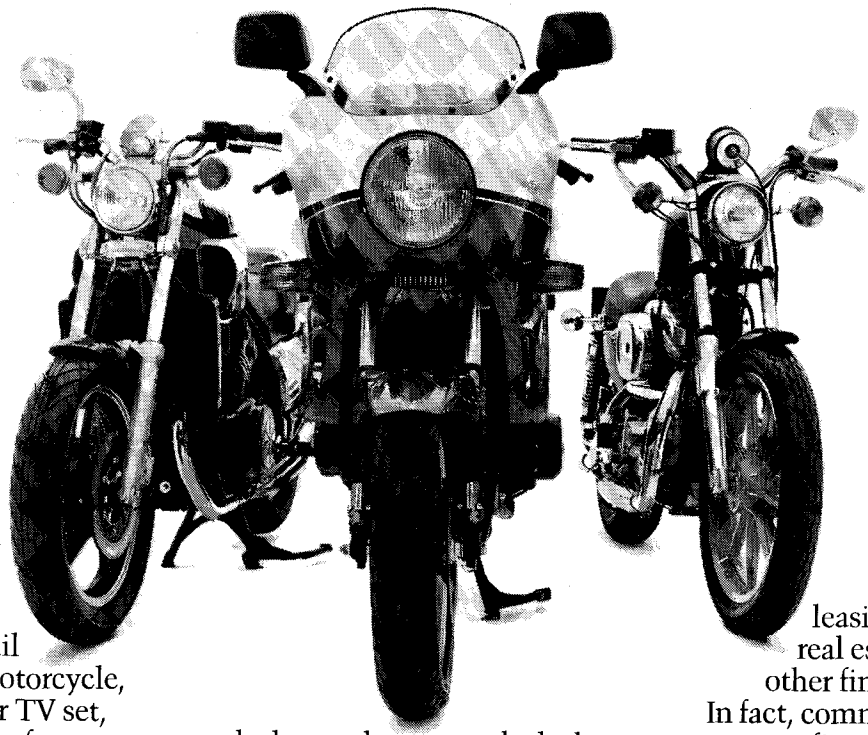

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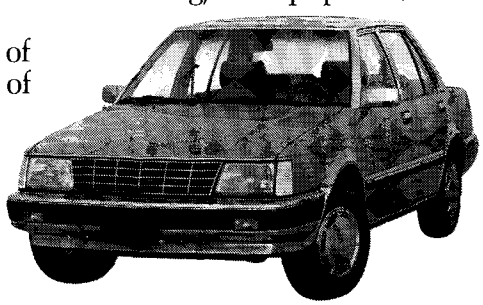

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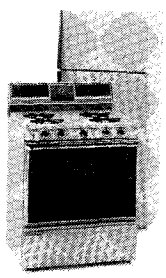

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